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LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.

"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Anent Our Young Men.

We girls were merry a party:

There were ten of us, and, had a stranger dropped in any evening to our cozy little drawing room he would have found no finer specimens of girlhood in any quarter of the globe.

Our evenings were spent pleasantly enough I assure you; you would hear a song, or perhaps a reading from some quaint old volume, a violin solo, or a lecture, as one of the girls termed it because one occasionally misbehaved and our chaperone interfered, but what we all enjoyed was a talk with Hazelkirk.

I must admit being a little surprised when the eldest of the party called upon me to open our little conversation for the evening.

What subject shall I choose? I asked, when the reply came from a remote corner of the room, "Oh! do tell us what you think of our boys, or, perhaps go a little further and tell us what you think of our young men."

That subject being agreed upon we proceeded.

What think I of our young men? Well, they might be much better, they might be very much worse.

There is a wide field open to the average young man of to-day, in which he may accomplish many improvements.

Take the growing boy, for instance, under his mother's supervision, place him at work in this field and he will reap: What? that depends upon home-influence, associates, and his own ability you may say, but that is not so, you cannot gather grain from an apple tree.

Of course, home-influence is most important; make your home bright, attractive, amusing in all phases of domestic enjoyment, and the boy now growing into manhood will not forsake that which is pleasant and entertaining to seek pleasures elsewhere.

Montaigne, speaking of our aim in life, says, "Let all the philosophers say what they will that mark at which we all aim, even in virtue itself, is pleasure." True enough, but, build the foundation of enjoyment at home and the youth will not go astray.

In my travels I have met with men of every class, creed, color, and description, young and old, and in each case I notice the character depends upon home-influence—woman's influence. However, we will not drift away to that subject this evening; we will have that for another essay.

The young men of to-day are much better than those of former times. Certainly, they are more enlightened, but as time passes education becomes developed in a higher degree, progressing steadily in attaining the object which extends itself far and wide over our country.

What we need are men on whom we can depend, whom we res-

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Awkward.

A rather amusing incident occurred in one of the leading dry-goods establishments a few months ago. A lady whom I shall call Mrs. Chester, having purchased a few choice flowers, to take to her

little sick niece, had need to make purchases in a dry-goods store, and thoughtlessly left her flowers on the counter. She remembered when she reached her sister's where she had left them, and when her elder niece came in from school, about two hours later, asked her to go for them. The girl did so, but on entering the store, felt rather confused and decidedly indignant at seeing all the girls in that department wearing flowers, and one pinning a carnation on a youthful cash-boy.

On stating her errand to one young miss (busily arranging her bouquet), if their feeling might be judged by their faces, they felt decidedly awkward. Profuse explanations and apologies, and the flowers were (not all however) restored, a little worse for wear, perhaps. The young girl went out as quickly as possible, feeling a very great desire to laugh. She could not help thinking that a gentleman clerk was not very far wrong, when he candidly observed that "It served them right," even though in sympathy.

THAT very systematic and deliberate writer, the late Anthony Trollope, said a great many good things and a great many foolish ones in regard to writing. Among the former he never said anything truer than that a little shoemaker's wax on the seat of a man's trousers was an invaluable aid to literary composition. I hope no ambitious youngwriter will take this advice literally, and ruin his clothing in trying to act upon it. What Mr. Trollope meant was that regular hours of work bring the best results. Once begin to write, with a determination to stick to your task for a certain length of time, and you are bound to accomplish something. I do not mean that an ignorant

amus by sitting long at his desk can write anything worth reading, but that the intelligent writer can accomplish much more by systematic than by spasmodic devotion to his task. I have found that an hour in the morning is worth two at night, but there are people who do their best work, or think they do, by candle-light. I don't believe they have given the sun a fair chance; but, after all, the main thing is to work regularly rather than fitfully.



ATTALIE CLAIRE.

pect, and, even going further, whose moral character is spotless.

How is this to be attained? you ask. By home influence which is the foundation of either all good or evil. And in my closing remark allow me to say—since you have been so kind as to ask my opinion of "our young men" you here have it that, as they entirely depend on us girls all along the pathway of life they are *what we make them*. And I would add that which is to be admired in every young man is—Purity, Truth, and Honor!

HAZELKIRK.

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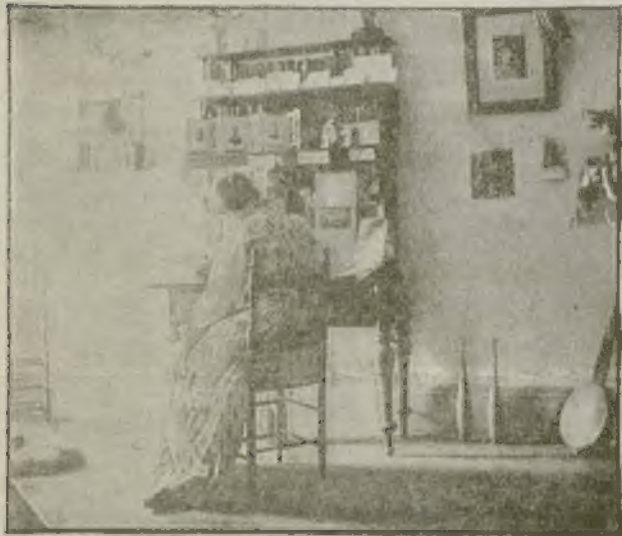
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IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

Visitors to the Sanctum.



WHILE we were out viewing institutions we came to the Young Women's Christian Association on Elm street. It seemed to be like other associations, a combination of athletic, educational, practical and christian influences. You may go there and exercise yourself in a good gymnasium, learn how to read, write and count, join the classes in book-keeping, shorthand, cookery, dress-making, chart-cutting, etc. The various Bible classes and Bible readings are, of course, one of the main features of the Institution. But what impressed me most was the boarding-house for young women in connection with the Association. While we waited for the lady in charge to show us around we sat in a reception-room. Flips picked out a chair to match her dress and proceeded to outline the questions I was to ask. She regards me as something between an infant and an idiot, and maps out my daily plans for me with an amount of confident assurance which would be entertaining if it were not annoying. The questions suggested were:

"Who sits in this chair when I'm not in it?"

"Is it like boarding-school or Sunday-school?"

"Why aren't the mirrors better? This one makes my nose turn up."

"Why there is no piano?"

"Where did they get the ghastly pictures?"

"How old do you have to be, to be admitted?"

"Why the chairs are at right angles?"

"Isn't it a bore to have the next room with folding-doors?"

"What will you give Flips to act as matron?"

The entrance of the matron stops the torrent and I forgot every question. We see the place and are very much pleased. It is a good safe home for young girls, the rooms are pretty, cheerful and clean, the payment very moderate and the building and board desirable. Such a home has been badly needed. Plenty of girls reach our city daily who put up with uncomfortable quarters (and who spend precious days in hunting even for these) because they do not know where else to go. The knowledge that there is such a pleasant home available and within reach of those whose income is slender, is valuable. The boarders have access to the advantages of the Association. They embrace principally girls who are either attending some school or other, or earning their livelihood. There are pretty type-writers, learned school-teachers, Conservatory pupils, girls in stores,—and as there is to be an employment agency doubtless domestic service will have there its representatives. We inquired as to the rules of the Institution, and the matron spoke of the painful necessity of maintaining strict watch over some of the girls. I asked after their recreations, and remarked that it seemed to me if any permanent good was to be done that the place would have to be made as attractive as possible.

It seemed to me of vital importance that the various means of recreation, should be provided. The more home-like and agreeable their abiding-place the less danger of girls seeking less desirable places of amusement. It was in this connection that Flips asked if the girls were allowed to receive visitors of the male persuasion.

"Yes," said the matron, "in the reception room down-stairs." Then looking at Flips suggestively, she added, "my sitting-room is next to it." We thanked the matron and went away. As we walked along Elm street I said, enthusiastically, "what a lovely place for girls!" "Yes," said Flips thoughtfully, "but think of the folding-doors!"

A RISING pretty visitor occupied the place of honor in the sanctum—Miss Attalie Claire. As you may see by her picture she is quite an ornament even to the sanctum. The young lady has been a good deal talked of everywhere during the past few weeks. Her acting, her voice, her diamonds, her engagement has been the theme of many circles. Her famous little disagreement with Lillian Russell, or rather Miss Russell's bold and determined resistance to a threatened rival, is now a matter of history. But we did not talk of these things in the sanctum. The air there is not conducive to the world of theatrical squabbles. But we talked nevertheless. I found Miss Claire a frank, natural, unaffected girl. She does not seem to be in the least spoiled by her success, and is quite willing to talk of anything else than herself and her affairs. There is a genuine sense of humor about her that goes a long way to make a man and a brother of her. This enviable possession covereth a multitude of faults. But with Miss Claire one does not feel that it is used as a garment but rather as an added ornament. When I first saw her diamonds I blinked. Was I cross-eyed? If so this was my first intimation. At any rate I was dazzled.

Does every woman love diamonds? Was there not some peculiar and awful significance in the tempter's gift to Marguerite? The fact that for such poor things as bits of glittering stones women will sell their souls, is awful. How many women has the flash of diamonds lured into matrimony? There is a baleful light about their sparkle which seems to be as a thousand eyes peering and searching into the innermost corners. There is something pitiful about the love of some women for jewels. You cannot dismiss it with a wave of the hand and say it is part of the frivolity of the sex. It is nothing of the sort. Women certainly have an eye for the beautiful. So have men. Yet men, barring hotel clerks and advance agents of circuses, have no particular fondness for gems. They like to see them on their women-kind. For men are, despite their own plainness of attire, far more inclined to like the gaudy and elegant than are women, but yet their hearts are not touched by the flash of a diamond. They view unmoved the diamonds which gleam from every corner of the sanctum, from the dog's collar, etc. But yet let one girl show a magnificent engagement ring to another and that night the unengaged girl attires herself in her best and is her very sweetest to Algernon or Billy as the case may be. Who is it?

BUT my correspondent with the pretty verses how can I give my opinion of your poem? I don't know whether you are a girl, boy or man. I rather fancy you are a girl, L. R., for you flatter the Editor and no man ever does that. Listen to her you other visitors. Here is a part of her letter:

"I always read the 'Visitors to the Sanctum' columns before any other in your paper, and next week I will turn to that page still more eagerly. I like the WEEKLY so much, for its cordiality and liveliness, it makes me feel as if I was really acquainted with the writer."

The best criticism I can give of your poem is whether I print it or not. If it be published you may be sure I think it good, for I can get plenty of poetry. If not, my dear—if you be a girl, or aspiring youth—if that be your sex, you had better try again.

"I AM coming to stay with you," wrote a dear lady from the country, "because you are nicely convenient to the Annual Meeting."

Do you ask "what Annual Meeting?" Oh, but the editor knows. Has she not grown-up with W. F. M. S.? Bless your heart, Auxiliaries and mission Presbyterials and General Meetings are all as every-day terms to her. She is a perfect walking encyclopaedia in regard to all that concerns that highly respectable organization known as the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

On what ought to have been a very bright and sunshiny morning in May, but what was in reality something between a waterspout and a geyser, the Lady and I wended our way to the Westminster Church where the meetings were to be held. The delegates were crowding in, young and old, pretty and less pretty, intellectual and more intellectual, but all having one thing in common—mackintoshes. There was no possibility of mistaking them for anything else than they were—Scotch Presbyterians. There was a flavor of the Shorter Catechism in the air. The Westminster Confession rustled in the very ribbons of their bonnets. The Psalms of David haunted the portals. Yielding to the march of progress, the pretty church had the "kirt of whistles" in it, but I believe that in her heart almost every woman there would have enjoyed herself as well without the organ. The editor confesses that she shares their feelings. There is something in the make-up of a sober Presbyterian gathering that does not accord well with the choirs and organs of ornamental churches. I would rather hear "Old Hundred" sung with half the congregation in vain pursuit of the precentor than to listen to the grandest anthems—that is, in church on Sunday. Now don't rail at me for not keeping up with the times. I know that on this point I am hopelessly old-fashioned. But like most old-fashioned people I am content to be so. I dislike choirs extremely. I shouldn't mind them if I couldn't see them. But the style prevalent in most churches of sticking them up behind the minister and dis-

tracting people's attention and riling people's temper is very objectionable to the descendant of Covenanters. But this is wide of the mark—to get back to that meeting.

As I was remarking, nobody would mistake these thousand women for anything else than they are. One can always tell what denomination a congregation belongs to. The way they regard the service for one thing. With Presbyterian congregations there is reverence, to be sure, throughout all the service, but the congregation is not fairly settled down until the sermon begins. That is the real business of the day. Whatever else they may be at any other part of "divine worship" they are fully awake when the minister expounds or preaches. A Presbyterian minister takes his life in his hands when he ascends a pulpit. The congregation are not exactly on the look-out for unorthodoxy nowadays, but the critical faculty is not dormant. You hear a great deal about the sermon as you descend the church steps, and afterwards at the dinner-table. But in an English Church there is a sort of subdued satisfaction with themselves prevalent in the congregation. They are better behaved for the most part than some other denominations but you are quite sure that comparatively few are listening to the sermon. With a beautiful ritual there is plenty to occupy their attention. They are decorously religious. Look at a church full of Methodists! Everything is done up briskly and in order. Do you think that they would tolerate long-winded prayers and sermons! Not much. They have comfortable pews in strong contrast to their Anglican brethren and go in for making the service as attractive as possible. They are not keenly critical of their ministers. He must be attractive and a good visitor. There is a kindly welcome to strangers and none of the awful stiffness of the Presbyterian congregation. But I must get back to that meeting. On the whole I think I will tell you about it next week.

M. Madge Robertson

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Our English Letter.

(From our own Correspondent.)

LONDON, April 30th, 1892.

How soon the days come round for my weekly budget of news to be written to you! Since I last wrote my time has been completely taken up with shopping and interviewing dressmakers, for spring has come upon us so suddenly that we have waked up to the annoying fact of having nothing to wear. The past week the weather has been really hot and particularly so for this time of year. I fear later on we shall be wishing it had been colder and more seasonable, for we are sure to have night frosts in May and then woe betide our fruit trees and early crops. One of the true signs that spring is with us is the abundance of lovely flowers that one sees in the London streets; of course one can buy exquisite flowers all the year round at the florists, but now the streets are really teeming with daffodils, violets, wallflowers, mignonette, etc. I read in "Truth" that no less than seventy-three tons of flowers have been received at Penzance during the two last weeks from the Scilly Isles on their way to the London markets. It seems almost incredible. I always feel for the poor shop assistants and sewing girls at these busy seasons, and this year I fear they will have a particularly hard time of it, more especially the sewing girls. One hears of legislation in favor of all sorts and conditions of men and women, but I believe no one has yet thought of endeavoring to obtain shorter working hours for the girls employed by dressmakers. Their shortest hours are from 8 a. m. to 6 or 8 p. m., and then in the busy seasons they work nearly every night up to 10 and 11 o'clock. Surely dressmakers could be compelled to employ more "hands" and thus shorten the hours for all. I am looking forward to a little more gaiety after Easter, this Lent has been as dull and decorous as the most orthodox churchman or rather churchwoman could desire. Society seems to be gradually coming round to the opinion that there are other seasons besides Lent for dancing, and in this we are, I think following the manners and habits of our Parisian friends. The fair Parisians you know are very strict in their observance of Lent and are most particular in their dress, black and grey are the colors *de rigueur* and it is considered quite bad form to give dances in Lent. I have been to one or two dances this Lent, however, and I must tell you that there seems quite a craze for the minuet just now, but it requires to be very well danced and then it is positively charming. We have to thank the German Emperor for the introduction of the minuet as well as the revival of the cotillion. I must tell you of a very pretty cotillion which I saw lately. A very pretty young girl dressed as a Watteau fleuriste was carried into the ball-room in a sedan chair. She carried quantities of flowers which she distributed among the dancers men and girls alike, and the men with a rose had to request a dance of the maiden holding the same sort of flower, and so on with other flowers, all were told off in pairs. Another very charming figure was the may-pole. The maypole had a movable top and twisted round with the dancers, who were a number of shepherdesses holding wreaths. Each of these country lasses might choose her attendant swain. The lottery cotillion; of course you know the dice figure is particularly good. Both ladies and gentlemen throw large dice made of cardboard, those whose scores correspond dance together, or the gentlemen can all throw for the honor of dancing with one particular lady. I expect we shall soon have the stately polonaise as the opening dance at our large balls. I remember being greatly taken with it in Germany some few years since. It is in reality little more than a promenade to the time of

appropriate music, but occasionally some pretty, slow figures are introduced and the effect is very good and pleasing.

No, I do not go in for roller skating, it is very popular with a certain class of people, but you know skating is not in my line at all. I was present at one of the fancy dress balls at the skating-rink last season and was much pleased with the dresses but being accustomed to the ice carnivals in Canada, I could not rid my mind of the unreality of this one.

Our Parisian friends are having rather a lively time of it of late; every day one hears of fresh dynamite explosions. Of course it is the public officials which are the special objects of attack with the Anarchists, but it is sometimes a little awkward for those who may be living in the same block of flats. I hear the landlords are now asking many of the well-known public men to quit their premises as they fear for the safety of their property; but great hopes are entertained that the arrest of the dynamiterd Ravachol may put an end to the atrocities. Of what extraordinary paradoxes is human nature capable! This man's late landlady asserts that he was a most amiable person, very fond of children and all kinds of animals. This reminds me of that monster, I cannot call him a man, who is now awaiting his trial in Melbourne for no one knows how many murders. The amount of public curiosity aroused by the case is something astonishing; why is it people have such a love of the horrible? Our newspapers are full of the subject, I suppose they must pander to the public taste, but however the sale of their papers may be increased by the publication of the latest details as to how the wretched creature looked, what he said, what he eat and drank &c., the extra profit must be much more than swallowed up in the cost of the enormously long telegrams sent from so far. I am sure you will be glad to hear that that unnatural woman Mrs. Montagu has been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor for causing the death of her little baby daughter. The general opinion is that the punishment is much too light, for one must not forget that Mrs. Montagu had systematically ill treated all her children for years, and this was not an isolated act of cruelty. I cannot help thinking the governess was very much to blame in the first instance; to shut an infant of three years into a dark room even for a few minutes is barbarity, and yet what a favorite punishment this is with nurses and servants. I wonder if mothers realized more how their children are treated by the servants when "mother" is out or engaged, whether they would not devote a little more of their time and care to their offspring, and look more carefully into the characters of domestics and nurses, ay and even their governesses. Do you ever call up a mental picture of people you read about, but do not know? This is quite a habit of mine, and whenever I read anything of this Mrs. Montagu I pictured her to myself as a tall and rather forbidding looking woman with dark eyes and hair, and hard features. Now, I actually felt a little disappointed to see her portrait in the "Gentlewoman" and to find she is rather pretty, small and fair-haired. She has a cruel face, I think with very thin tightly compressed lips. The interest in the Osborne case is fast dying out, and well it should. Poor miserable Mrs. Osborne! I never will believe that she was responsible for her actions, and some of our most eminent physicians are now of opinion that she was suffering from fits of mental derangement long before her engagement to Captain Osborne; for years she has been treated at intervals for hysteria, and we all know this frequently assumes the form of madness in severe cases. I hear Captain Osborne has rejoined the regiment in Edinburgh, and has been warmly welcomed back by his brother officers. Did I tell you that Mrs. Hargreave's pearls have been sold by public auction? I rather question the good taste of such a course. It looks very much as if the Hargreaves wished to take advantage of the public interest in the late exciting case to make money. Naturally Mrs. Hargreaves must have wished to see no more of the jewels which had such painful associations, but why did she not sell them privately? The pearls were on view at Christie's, and naturally attracted crowds, but at the time of the sale there was very little competition, and were knocked down only at their ordinary value to two jewellers. Of course you have automatic machines in your part of the world. Here is a novel idea for the use of the principle as applied to barrel-organs. Rather neat, I call it. The organ grinder places his instrument in front of a house and winds up, it will then go on by itself for an hour. By and by the inmates of the house begin to grow tired of the charming music, and a servant is sent out to interview the man. Of course he is not to be seen, but the following inscription is written on the organ, "If you wish this organ to stop put a penny in the slot." I have just been spending some of my leisure moments in reading a very charming tale, as it hails from America you very probably know it. It is "Ramona" by "H. H.," Helen Jackson. I think it very romantic and interesting, and wonderfully well written; it makes one realize very fully the treatment which the poor Indians, the original inhabitants of the country received at the hands of the American settlers. It seems particularly cruel that the aborigines of a country should thus be deprived of their lands and homes, but of course it is a constantly recurring fact of history, and you know some one has predicted that far in the dim future the Chinese will be kind enough to exterminate us English and all other European nations. I can hear you saying, "No court news this week." No, there is nothing new, all the royalties are still in the Riviera and are likely to stop there some weeks longer. The Prince of Wales is reported to be looking far from well, and certainly ten years older since his sad loss. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have been in great anxiety about their only son, who has been seriously ill for some time. I am glad to hear however, that he is slightly better to day. The Queen still continues to keep her children's birthday albeit they are men and women. Princess Beatrice's birthday falls on Maunday Thursday, and will be kept on Easter Monday and the birthday cake is being made in England.

It is now definitely settled that the Queen will hold two Draw-

ing-rooms, one on May 16th, and the second on May 18th, and she will be assisted by Princess Beatrice and Princess Christian. I expect we shall have some new styles in court dresses on those occasions. By the way, if you or any of your friends are contemplating matrimony, please remember, my dear Elsie, that your wedding dress must have the new court train, this can be arranged in a variety of different ways, but it must fall from the shoulders, or, if you prefer it, from the left shoulder. I wonder what other amusement William II. to none intends trying this next summer. He already proposes to go whale hunting off the Norwegian coast, and is making all necessary preparations, and later on in the season he intends entering his yacht for some of the races in the Solent, when the court is at Osborne in July. It is beginning to be whispered about that the Emperor's brain is at times affected by the incurable ear complaint from which he suffers so much; at any rate, this is the way some people would account for his vagaries, his vanity, his selfassertion and his firm belief in himself and his "mission." He certainly deserves general sympathy from all, when we remember the intense pain he suffers from time to time. The Oxford and Cambridge boat race is the excitement of the moment, and I sincerely hope to-morrow will prove an auspicious day, so far as wind and weather are concerned. I believe Cambridge is the favorite this year. Of course, I am in despair, for my sympathies are, and always have been, with Oxford; I suppose the reason for my preference is that nearly all of my friends have belonged to the older University. I hear Oxford will have some advantage to-morrow if the wind is "fresh," which at present there seems no chance of its being, for their style is much more suited to rough water than that of Cambridge. Kate and Nellie have this afternoon gone down to the East End, to Toynbee Hall, you have heard of it, of course. Well, you know there is a loan collection of pictures exhibited there for some weeks every spring entirely for the east end poor, and it is quite astonishing how they like looking at the works of art, last year many thousands were admitted. Of course the ex-



Madame d'Auria

hibition is free, the people behave wonderfully well on the whole, but the promoters of the scheme undertake to find a certain number of "watchers" for every day among their friends. The exhibition is only open in the afternoon and evening, and the different "watches" are about three hours each, it seems to be necessary to have a considerable number of "watchers" on duty at once, for Kate and Nellie have gone with quite a large party. At last the long expected fac-simile letter of the Queen to the nation after the death of the Duke of Clarence has made its appearance, and I suppose there are very few of her Majesty's subjects who will not procure a copy. It is very nicely got up I believe, I have not seen it yet. I must not forget to send you one. Last Sunday was Show Sunday for the Royal Academicians and Associates, and how much more fortunate they were than their less well-known brethren with regard to weather, for it was a most brilliant day. Of course the studios were crowded, and to tell the truth I was more occupied in noting the new spring fashions than in looking at the pictures. The weather being so exceptionally fine and warm the church parade in Hyde Park last Sunday was well attended. I daresay you are wondering what I mean. You remember it is the correct thing for the "elite" to betake themselves to Rotten Row after church on Sunday morning, they walk down the left hand side while the mob congregate on the right hand side to see what is to be seen in the way of celebrities and spring fashions. Many of the women were clothed well but not wisely and I am sure by this time are paying the penalty of venturing out of doors in the beginning of April in such light attire. Many appeared "in their figures" which certainly gave one an opportunity of noting the make of the bodices, but must have been somewhat chilly for the wearers, one requires rather more protection than that against an easterly wind, however hot the sun may be. You ask for some hints as to the management of your palms and palm-ferns. I have been consulting an experienced gardener on the subject of my own, so will give you the benefit of his advice. Palms must on no account be watered too often, three times a week is quite sufficient and then

the quantity must not be sufficient for much to remain in the saucer, they should be sponged once a week and never allowed to stand in a draught or very much sunlight. Mine are already beginning to improve under the treatment, and I trust yours will likewise.

My recipe this week is for "A delicious Omelette." Beat separately the yolks and whites of four fresh eggs, to the yolks add as much powdered sugar as will sweeten it, and a small desert-spoonful of corn flour very smoothly mixed in a spoonful of milk. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, add the flour to the yolks stir in the whites, taking care to break the froth as little as possible; pour the whole into a frying pan from which the butter has been drained; two or three minutes over a quick fire will cook the under side; hold the pan to the fire until the upper side looks firm, spread raspberry or strawberry jam over one half, turn the other half over it and serve immediately—this last lies nearly the whole success of your omelette.

Annie Vaughan

Prominent Canadian Women.

No. 8. Madame d'Auria.

A bright-faced little woman is Madame d'Auria, living in a bright little home where the sweetest music is a baby's voice. As I roved about through her pretty drawing-room laying profane—because unmusical—fingers upon photographs of Del Puente, now as Othello, now as Romeo, now as himself, of Tamagno, of Patti, I felt a longing to start afresh with the five finger exercises of my childhood. And when I listened to Madame d'Auria's enthusiastic praise of the great musicians she had known I almost made a new-year resolve to go back to scales. I can re-assure my friends, however, that I have not yet taken up music. They are quite safe in calling upon me, still.

Susie Canfield was born in Brooklyn, but her family moved to New York at such an early age that she counts New York her home. There it was that she was educated musically and otherwise. In 1873 Miss Canfield started singing lessons with Signor d'Auria. The lessons were continued for two years in the usual way, and then ended, in the usual way. As the world knows Signor d'Auria married his charming and talented young pupil, and what the world lost he gained. Then followed a very delightful time for the young bride. Although she had known musical people from her childhood, she was now thrown into familiar intercourse with all the noted musicians of the day. The Italian friends of Signor d'Auria became her friends, and a precious album, the relic of those days, contains a galaxy of well-known men and women. The inscriptions on the photographs in the soft flowing Italian, show the esteem in which Madame d'Auria was held. Madame d'Auria speaks warmly of the New York musical world. There is no petty jealousy, no small back-biting. The place is too large, the people too large. The girls in New York, Madame d'Auria says, all adore Campanini, his good nature is proverbial, and he lost his voice through sheer hard work. There is a photograph of his wife in Madame d'Auria's album. She was a chorus girl but has a refined figure and manner. Madame Scaldi, now the countess Lolli, was a dear and honored friend, but the dearest friend of Madame d'Auria's was, and is still, Louise Paulin, whose sprightly acting in comic opera is well-known. Madame d'Auria's debut was made at a concert given by Carrano the amous flutist. At this concert Marie Aimee sang for the last time. But soon after the debutante became a permanent pupil of Signor d'Auria, and her career was, in a measure given up for the dearer duties of wife and home. Her real ambition was to go into opera, but as she modestly says "I had none of the things necessary, money, backing, genius. And then—I married."

After the New York days the d'Aurias went to Mexico, where, among the Spanish and native Mexicans, strangers find much that is picturesque. In Madame d'Auria's article an interesting account of her Mexican life is given. After leaving Mexico the d'Auria's came to Toronto, and we are fortunate enough to have them still with us.

Madame d'Auria does little singing in public now. A small audience in a cradle requires so many lullabies that the mother's voice cannot give music to others. She teaches a little in the Conservatory and sings occasionally at concerts. In common with the rest of civilized Toronto, Madame d'Auria comments on the fact that "the gods" express the critical faculty of the audience, and that performers have to regulate their numbers accordingly.

She hints that there are people living to-day with better voices than Patti—and how softly and prettily she brought out the Italian double consonant, Pat-ti—but there never lived anyone with such a wonderful power over an audience. To make adverse critics her devoted admirers before she has sung a note, to make her hearers be as she wills them—that is genius, that is Patti. Madame d'Auria does not see how anyone could ever pick a flaw in Emma Juch, who is a great favorite of hers.

Madame d'Auria is, as you can see from her portrait, dark and slenderly built. Her eyes lighten up as she talks and her usually restful features become animated. She has a bright face with a sweet expression and converses entertainingly on most topics. Of quiet manners and somewhat retiring aspect she would pass unnoticed in some very gay assemblies, but one who stopped to talk would be well repaid.

I liked Madame d'Auria because she gave me a chance to talk. Most people do not. But then most people know me better than she does. At all events she is a sympathetic listener and that is more than one can say of most talkers.—[THE EDITOR.]

In this series have already appeared:
No. 1—Lady Stanley.
" 2—Hon. Mrs. Dewdney, Ottawa.
" 3—Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Ottawa.
" 4—Miss Marjorie Campbell, Toronto.
" 5—Miss Pauline Johnson, Brantford.
" 6—Agnes Maule Machar, Kingston.
" 7—Mrs. Emily Nelson, Victoria, B. C.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Spring.

The snow lies heavy yet on bough and brake,
And all the earth lies in such frozen state,
As one could deem Dame Nature had forgot
How tranced and numb was her poor earth-child's lot
Yet, down beneath the silence of the snow,
Stirring the violet's roots, warm pulses glow.

And first will spread the ever-bright'ning green,
Shot with the dandelions' gold between,
Which even seems a dainty, new-found treasure
In that brief season when the heart's bright measure
Welcomes each common thing with childlike pleasure:
That resurrection fair, the Spring's sweet dawning,
That still beguiles, the weary world transforming.

And then will burst the cloud of snowy bloom,
The cherry blossom shower, that falls so soon;
From out whose pearly heart the whole day long
Breaks yet unchanged the robins' hopeful song.
Oh! Spring still brings such dower of fragrant wealth
As makes even this tired and tearstained earth
Smile with the brightness of her Eden birth.

KATE.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

How the Mortgage Was Paid.



SAW it hanging up in the kitchen of a thrifty, healthful, sturdy farmer in Oxford County, Maine, a bottomless jug! The host saw that the curious thing had caught my eye, and he smiled.

"You are wondering why that jug is hanging up there with its bottom knocked out?" he said, "My wife, perhaps could tell you the story better than I can, but she is bashful and I am not, so I'll tell it."

"My father, as you are probably aware, owned this farm before me. He lived to a good old age, worked hard all his life, never squandered money, was a shrewd, careful trader, and a good cultivator; and as men were accustomed in his day and generation, he was a temperate man. I was the youngest boy; and when the old man was ready to go, and he knew it, the other boys agreed that since I had stayed at home and taken care of the old folks, the farm should be mine, and to me it was willed. I had been three years married. Well, father died, mother had gone three years before, and left the farm to me with a mortgage of \$2,000. I had never thought so much of it before, but I thought of it now and said to Mary, my wife, 'Mary,' said I 'look here. Here's father had this farm in its first strength of soil, with all its magnificent timber, and six boys, as they grew up, equal to so many men, and he had worked early and late, and yet look at it. A mortgage of \$2,000! What can I do? And I went to that jug—it had the bottom in then—and took a stiff drink of Medford rum from it. I noticed a curious look on the face of my wife just then, and I asked her what she thought of it, for I supposed, of course, she was thinking of what I had been talking about. And so she was. Says she:

"Charles, I have thought of this a great deal, and I have thought of a way in which I believe we can clear the mortgage off before five years are ended." Says I, "Mary, tell me how you'll do it." She thought a little while, and then she said, with a funny twinkle in her blue eyes,

"Charles you must promise me this, and promise most solemnly and sacredly, promise me that you will never again bring home, for the purpose of drinking for a beverage, at any one time, more spirits of any kind than you can bring in that old jug—that jug that your father has used ever since I knew him, and which you have used since he was done with it."

"Well, I knew that my father used once in awhile, especially in haying time, and in the winter time when we were at work in the woods, to get an old gallon jug filled; so I thought it over, and after awhile told her I would agree to it.

"Now mind," said she, "you are never, never to bring home as common beverage more spirits than you can bring in that identical jug." And I gave her the promise.

"And before I went to bed that night I took the last drink out of that jug. As I was turning it out for a sort of a nightcap, Mary looked up and said:

"Charlie, have you got a drop left?"

"I told her there was just about a drop, we would have to get it filled to-morrow.

"And then she said if I had no objection, she would drink that last drop with me. I shall never forget how she brought it out—that last drop! However, I tipped the jug bottom up, and got about a tablespoonful, and Mary said that was enough. She took the tumbler and poured a few drops of hot water into it, and a little sugar, and then she tinkled her glass against mine, just as she had seen us boys do when we had been drinking good luck, and says she:

"Here's to the brown jug."

"Sakes alive! I thought to myself that poor Mary had been drinking more of the rum than was good for her; and I tell you it kind of cut me to the heart. I forgot all about how many times she had seen me when my tongue was thicker than it ought to be and my legs not quite as steady as good legs should be; but I said

nothing, I drank the sentiment, 'to the old brown jug!' and let it go.

"Well, I went out after that and did the chores and went to bed, and the last thing I said before leaving the kitchen, the very room where we now sit, was, 'we'll have the old brown jug filled to-morrow,' and then I went to bed.

"And I have remembered ever since I went to bed that night, as I had a hundred times before, with a buzzing in my head that a healthy man ought not to have. I did not think of it then, nor had I ever thought of it before, but I have thought of it a good many times since, and have thought of it with wonder and awe.

"Well, I got up the next morning and did some work about the barn, then came in and ate some breakfast not with such an appetite as a farmer ought to have, and I could think even then that my appetite began to fail me. However, after breakfast I went out and hitched up the horses, for to tell the truth I felt the need of a glass of spirits, and I had not a drop in the house. I got hitched up and then came in for the jug. I went for it in the old cupboard, and took it out, and—

"Did you ever break through the thin ice on a nipping cold day, and find yourself in an instant over your head in the freezing water? The jug was there but the bottom was gone! Mary had been and taken a sharp chisel and hammer, and with a skill that might have done credit to a master workman, she had chipped the bottom clean out of the jug, without even breaking the edge or the sides! I looked at Mary. And then she burst out. She spoke. Oh! I have never heard anything like it since. Said she 'Charles! there's where the mortgage on this farm came from. It was brought home in that jug, two quarts at a time. And there's where all the debt has been. And that's where your clear skin, and your clear pretty eyes are going. And in that jug my husband your appetite is also going. Let it be as it is, dear heart! And remember your promise to me.'

"And she threw her arms around my neck and burst into tears. She could speak no more.

"And there was no need. My eyes opened as though by magic. In a single minute the whole scene passed before me. I saw all the mortgages of all the farms in our neighborhood, and I thought where all the money had gone. The very last mortgage father had ever made had been to pay a bill held against him by the man who had filled his jug for years. Yes, I saw it all, as it passed before me—a fitting picture of rum, rum, rum, debt, debt! and in the end Death? and I returned my Mary's kiss, and said I:

"Mary, my own, I'll keep my promise, I will—so help me heaven!"

"And so I have kept it. In less than five years, as Mary had said, the mortgage was cleared off; my appetite came back to me; and now we've got a few thousand dollars out at interest. There hangs the old jug, just as we hung it up that day; and from that time there hasn't a drop of spirits been brought into the house, for a beverage, which the bottomless jug would not have held.

"Dear old jug! we mean to keep it, and to hand it down to our children for the lesson it can give them—a lesson of life—of a life happy, peaceful, prosperous and blessed."

And as he ceased speaking, his wife, with one arm drawn tenderly around the neck of her youngest boy, murmured a fervent "Amen!"

S. RICE.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

A Peep into a Southern Kitchen.

There is no more interesting sight to unaccustomed eyes than the interior of a Southern kitchen, the old-fashioned one of Antebellum days *bien entendre*. Before the open door (for who ever knew a negro to close a door) roll and tumble a merry crowd of half-clad picanninies, who greet the new-comer with wide-mouthed grins of welcome; it is always an exception when darkies are not pleased to meet visitors, whether of their own sombre hue or white persons, another characteristic of this singular race is that of considering it a mark of true gentility to be ailing in health, it is not *en règle* with them to be "quite well, thank you." No, their greetings take this form.

"Good ebenin', brudder Fox, how you do dis ebenin'?"

"I be only jes' tollable, tank you brudder Crab, how you all do?"

"We's mighty porely all ob de we uns, I hab de mis'ty in de back pow'ful bad."

In this peculiarity it is needless to state that they in a great measure imitate the white people, whom they have always been accustomed to consider their superiors in all respects, and among whom, owing to the prevalence of chills and fevers together with many diseases incident to warm climates, there is much debility and illness. But to return to the cabin which, built a few feet to the rear of the family mansion as all Southern kitchens are, will surely repay a friendly visit. Within the open door-way stands the Chloe Queen of this Rembrandt interior, attended by her court of dark hued imps, whose faces guiltless of too close acquaintance with soap and water are shining with grease and beplastered with molasses. A few energetic cuffs to right and left disperse the motley crew, and off they scamper to resume "operations on the turf" outside, their gleaming ivories showing in a farewell grin, as they depart amid a chorus of war whoops and a perfect circus of heel and toe gymnastics. The way thus cleared you can pursue your investigations; the ceiling with its smoke-dried beams is low, the floor, unlike the well scoured planks of northern latitudes, is formed of ordinary red brick kept bright by weekly applications of a paste made of powdered brick-dust mixed with water; a clay floor beaten hard and smooth is occasionally met with, but it is the exception, for the presiding genius of the culinary region delights in the bright crimson of her floor. Opposite the doorway stands the great fire-place with its swinging crane and helter skelter array of bake-kettles, old-fashioned spiders and the large pot which is flanked on either side by smaller kettles; beside the chimney sit, on the one side a stone

churn, on the other a "crook" containing buttermilk, a lid-lifter for the removal of the covers to the bake-kettles, and a long iron rod with a small cross-piece on one end, used to rake out the beds of glowing coals, complete the "furniture" of the fire-place. A table large and square, a wooden trough three feet in length by two in width called a "mixing board," and used in the manufacture of different kinds of bread stuffs, a rolling pin and a biscuit beater, and a marble slab, constitute the utensils of this unique kitchen. A biscuit beater is a wooden stick, flat and larger at one end than the other like an oar, this and the marble slab are used in making the famous beaten biscuit of the Southern *cuisine*. As a general thing the utmost disorder prevails in these kitchens, the besom of confusion sweeps the dishes from their proper place on the table to the floor, pans, buckets, kettles and skillets, hob-nob in close proximity in all manner of unlooked for places. Nothing is where it ought to be, and everything is where it ought not to be. Yet out of this "confusion worse confounded" what toothsome repasts are evolved! More orderly kitchens may be found elsewhere, but not more delicious cooking; the viands served therefrom may have been evolved from chaos, but they are fit for the delectation of ye gods.

RUTH ARGYLE.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

How Nellie Gamnay Succeeded.

Generally speaking, life with Nellie Gamnay for the past few years had not been a success. Her father dying suddenly, she found that the father's salary had been their all, and when it ceased but little save home and furnishings were left for the widow and daughter. Two years more and the place had been sold, the mother a victim to consumption, and Nellie was alone. Fairly educated she was, but not educated to do any particular thing well, save house work, in which she had been well taught, and excelled. The prejudice which young American girls generally have against doing housework was in her case unusually strong. Added to this she was not strong enough to do the work for a family even had she been willing to undertake it. She went to board with a cousin and tried the usual resort of most girls forced to depend on their own exertions, she entered a store. The salary was sufficient to pay her board only. Her employer died, the store was sold and she was obliged to seek another situation. Another was found but after a few months the store "changed hands." The new incumbent had a friend of his own who wanted the place, and once more she was crowded out. Her next experience was in the large dry goods store of a city. Here her strength soon failed, and she was sick for several weeks. Then came a friend with the suggestion, "Why don't you make cake at home and sell it?" Now this seemed to Nellie something very like an impossibility. To be sure there were many such things advised in the papers. But what chance had she poor and almost unknown in a large city. That she could make good cake she was very sure. Her cake had always been highly praised by guests in the dear old home, at picnics, fairs, suppers, and in the happy days now so far in the past, her cooking had always been sought. And how she did love to cook. No "poor luck" for her. Everything was always weighed and measured with scrupulous exactness. No "guess work" and no failures there. "How fine," she thought to herself, "it would be to earn my living by doing something that is mere play." But who would purchase? How was she to find even a single customer? Finally she made a small loaf and took it to the lady who had made the suggestion, asking if she would show it to some of her friends when not too much trouble. The lady did more than that. She cut it in small nice-looking slices, wrapped them in white paper and having an extended acquaintance took the slices to her friends who did or would be most liable to purchase cake. It was decided to charge about fifteen cents for a sheet of frosted sponge cake above the actual cost of materials. Other cakes were sold by the pound. People were interested in the story of the young girl and gave orders first as a means of encouragement. Soon they ordered because they found the cake cheaper and better than could be made at home. Soon pies, cookies, doughnuts, etc., were demanded and supplied. Now to make this like a story, she should have grown rich in a short time. Well, this is a true story and she isn't rich yet. But she has found a pleasant means of being self-supporting, with time to enjoy some of the luxuries of life and means to purchase them.

INEZ REDDING.

A Prohibitionist.

A prohibitionist went into a Texas saloon under the influence of liquor and asked a prominent politician to treat.

"You can't be thirsty again; you've just had a drink," said the politician.

"Of course (hic) I'm not thirsty," was the indignant response of the suffering prohibitionist. "If I don't drink schepten when I'm thirsty" what 'vantage have I got over a beast in the field?"

Suits to Hire.

Miss Pinkerton.—"Miss Pinkerly told me the other night that she had never seen you in the same suit twice.

Cleverton.—"That's strange. I didn't know before that I had such a variety."

Miss Pinkerton.—"She was speaking of dress suits."

Mrs. O'Brien.—"Good marnin', Mrs. McCabe. An' phwat makes yez look so sad?"

Mrs. McCabe.—"Shure, Dennis was sint to th' penitentiary fer six months."

Mrs. O'Brien.—"Well, shure, don't worry. Six months will soon pass."

Mrs. McCabe.—"Shure, that's phwat worries me."

Our Weekly Sermons

By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

The Queen of Sheba.

(1. Kings x: 1-13, Matt. xii: 4-2.)

The Queen of Sheba was one of the celebrated ladies of antiquity. In addition to the favorable notices which we have of her in the Bible, a great many legends and traditions have come down to us from remote times respecting her. In the Koran of the Mohammedans, for example, there is a curious chapter about her. These legends and traditions prove, at least, that her fame extended far and wide throughout the old nation of the Eastern world. And it is a very remarkable fact that her visit to Solomon is the only event in the history of that famous Hebrew monarch that is recorded in the New Testament. The place called Sheba of which this celebrated lady was Queen was undoubtedly situated in the Southern part of Arabia. Josephus, the Jewish Historian, says she was Queen of Egypt and Ethiopia. But this is certainly a mistake on the part of Josephus. The Kingdom of Sheba derived its name from Sheba, one of the descendants of Shem, who settled in South Arabia, as we learn from the Book of Genesis, and the Arabic geographers. This corresponds with what our Saviour says of the place where this distinguished sovereign reigned. He speaks of her as "the Queen of the South," and says that she came from the uttermost part of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon. Her territory would thus be South of Palestine, and at the Southern extremity of the Peninsula of Arabia—the region in which the well known town Aden is now situated. When I was sailing down the Red Sea, and through the Gulf of Aden, on my recent trip around the globe, I looked wistfully at the Southern shores of Arabia, and I felt satisfied that I was gazing on the territory over which the distinguished Queen of Sheba reigned in the days of old. If we needed any further confirmation of the point, we have it in the presents which the illustrious visitor brought to the Hebrew monarch; spices, frankincense, gold and precious stones in great abundance and variety. All the old writers who have given us descriptions of the Southern part of Arabia represent it as abounding in ancient times in these productions.

But it is of this famous Queen herself of whom we now particularly speak. And glancing at the leading features of her character as they are represented in the inspired narrative we notice as the first, that she was evidently of a thoughtful, enquiring, turn of mind. The most ungallant reader cannot detect anything that is light and frivolous in her character as she appears before us in the Biblical Record. The questions which she came to ask Solomon were not light and frivolous questions. They were not even mere riddles, or puzzles, that might amuse the fancy, and while away the tedious hours, without enlightening the mind, or improving the heart. The inspired historian says of them that they were "hard questions." They were important and difficult questions which indicated a capacious intellect, and a noble heart. They had reference, doubtless, to some of the great problems of life and death and immortality which have exercised thoughtful minds in all ages. She evidently enjoyed great temporal prosperity. This is clearly seen by the costly presents which she brought to her royal instructor. She had all the wealth, all the honor, all the pleasure, which this world can give to the greatest favorites of fortune. But all these possessions and pleasures did not satisfy the deep longings of her soul. She yearned for more light on the great problems of life, and death, and immortality that exercised her intellect, and agitated her heart.

This thoughtful, enquiring, turn of mind is an admirable characteristic of any individual man or woman—sovereign or subject. Nothing more distinguishes one human being from another than this power of thought which our benevolent Creator has given to us in varying degrees. Isaac Watts, the hymn writer, was small in statue and delicate in appearance, but he said truly,

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man."

And he might have added with equal truth; of the woman also. And certainly in a complete catalogue of the celebrities who have been most distinguished for their power of thought we will find a goodly proportion of the fair sex. In a proof of the assertion I may mention, on the other side of the Atlantic, the names of Caroline Frys, Felicia D. Hemans, Joanna Baillie, Mary Howitt, Mary Montagu, Mrs. Browning, Eliza Cook, Hannah More, Francis Ridley Havergal; on this side of the Atlantic, Emily Judson, Lydia H. Sigourney, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Phoebe Palmer.

The energy of character displayed by the far-famed Queen of Sheba is quite as conspicuous as her thoughtful, enquiring, turn of mind. She was as energetic as she was contemplative. Her determination and energy of character were sufficient to carry her through all the obstacles which she had to encounter before she could hear for herself Solomon's solution of her perplexing problems. She had heard in her own land the fame of the great Hebrew monarch. The trading ships of Solomon brought the account of his wealth, and his wisdom, to the shores of many lands—to the shores of the kingdom of Sheba. The inspired historian particularly says that she had "heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord"—concerning the name of the great God who had given a revelation of His being and will in the Hebrew nation. This was something entirely new to her. In her own land she had only the dim torch-light of Nature to guide her in her search after truth. And she hoped that Solomon, living in the clearer light of the supernatural revelation which Jehovah had given him, would be able to answer all the hard questions which exercised her intellect and agitated her heart. But it was no easy task for her to go

in person to visit the Hebrew sage and obtain from him the desired information. The distance, as the crow flies, from the southern shores of Arabia to the City of Jerusalem would be about 1400 miles. To us who live in an age of fast and easy travel on land and sea, that distance means only a pleasant outing. But to the Arabian Queen it meant many days, aye weeks, of tiresome traveling with a long, slow-moving train of camels over sandy plains, and rugged mountains, and unbridged rivers, rarely varied by a verdant oasis, or a fertile valley. But her energy of character was fully equal to the arduous undertaking. It carried her safely through all intervening obstacles from her home in the distant South into the presence of the wise King, Solomon.

It is sometimes thought, and even said, that energy of character is the exclusive heritage of the sterner sex. Lord Lytton has said, "A woman's noblest station is retreat." But this oft quoted statement must be received with considerable modification. In the quietude of home, and the abode of grief, woman is doubtless a mistering angel in a noble sphere of duty. But when occasion requires, she often exhibits equal aptitude for more public and arduous spheres of usefulness. When Napoleon was told that there was no road over the Alps by which he could lead his army into Italy he heroically replied; "If there is no road I will make one." But I think Deborah was quite as heroic as Napoleon when she stood at the head of the Israelite army and vanquished the powerful Canaanites led on by Jabin and Sisera. And so was Maria Theresa of Austria of whom Carlyle has said that she was "most brave, high and pious minded; beautiful, too, radiant with good nature, though of a temper that will easily catch fire." And so was Joan of Arc, "the Maid of Orleans," and many others of the fair sex equally famed in history for indomitable energy and perseverance in the accomplishment of noble purposes. We cannot but admire the energy of character attributed to the heroine of Sheba in the inspired narrative.

Her teachable disposition, in my estimation, is quite as commend-



Thomas Cumming

able as her enquiring turn of mind, or her energy of character. She was Queen of an empire, and the most intelligent individual, evidently, in her realm; but when she found a teacher who was able to instruct her she sat at his feet with the docility of a little child, and drank in with avidity the words of wisdom that flowed from his lips. The inspired narrative says, "when she was come to Solomon she communed with him of all that was in her heart, and Solomon told her all her questions; there was not anything hid from the King, which he told her not." We cannot speak too highly of the teachable disposition thus manifested by this Sabaeen Queen—especially her desire and willingness to be taught "concerning the name of the Lord." The most intelligent men and women of our race are not those whose education, in their own judgment, is complete—who have reached the lofty heights of sinless perfection and absolute knowledge, and have no more need to enter the schools of earth. Those who have made the highest attainments in any department of learning, and even in the school of Christ, are still scholars—disciples, still willing to be taught—still eagerly in search of more light, more knowledge. The religion of the Bible, of which Solomon was an expounder in his day, is a religion that demands study, investigation. Its Divine Author says to us "Search the Scriptures." And I for one have very great sympathy with an enquirer who candidly acknowledges that he meets with doubts and difficulties in his search after truth. Honest doubt is, I believe, the first step on the road to the palace of truth. But I could hold up this noble Queen of Sheba as a shining example to all who are anxious to attain to a fuller, clearer, knowledge of the great truths which God has revealed to us in His world. Though occupying a high position in society, and already intelligent beyond many, she was still teachable as a little child, and did not consider it beneath her dignity to receive further instruction in religious knowledge.

Let me ask you in conclusion to notice her high estimate of the privileges and advantages enjoyed by Solomon and his people. Read if you please what is said on this point as it is written in the

tenth chapter of the First Book of Kings, from the 4th to the 9th verse. No language could express more clearly her high appreciation of the advantages and privileges enjoyed by Solomon and his people, as compared with the advantages and privileges which she and her people enjoyed in Arabia. Especially did she appreciate highly the opportunity of knowing and worshipping the one living and true God as compared with the idolatry that was practised in her own country. And of course we must bear in mind that this was the time in Solomon's history when he was in the height of his piety and prosperity, and before he began to wander away from the paths of rectitude and duty. This characteristic of the Sabaeen Queen, like the others which I have mentioned is very noteworthy. When the celebrated Hugh Miller was known only as "the stone mason of Cromarty, one of his companions twitted him as being a hero-worshipper. The pungent and prophetic reply of the future great geologist was: "No man ever became great who was not an admirer of greatness." The Queen of Sheba's admiration of the greatness of Solomon, and his surroundings is an evidence that she had in herself the elements of true greatness. And has not the observation a lesson in it for ourselves? All the privileges and advantages enjoyed by Solomon, and his people cannot bear a moment's comparison with the privileges and the advantages which we enjoy as a Christian people. The Church and the world have made immense progress during the nearly 3000 years that have rolled away since the days of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. The great King in Jerusalem lived merely in the dim twilight; we live in the clear, unclouded, gospel day. We may say, especially as compared with multitudes who have not a tithe of our privileges and advantages, "The lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places; yea we have a goodly heritage." We have our Sabbaths, and our sanctuaries, and our schools, and our colleges, and our Bibles, and benevolent institutions, and the means of grace, and the hopes of glory. And certainly the beautiful example of the Queen of the South may well remind us of the deep gratitude which we owe to our bountiful Benefactor for the special tokens of His favour which he has bestowed on us. The great English poet has truly said:

"Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child."

The true spirit of gratitude disposes us to say, in view especially of our religious privileges.

"Lord I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance as others do;
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a heathen, or a Jew."

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?"

Rev. Thomas Cumming.

The Rev. Thomas Cumming, of Truro, N. S., was born at Stellarton, Pictou Co., N. S., about half a century ago. This is the native county of Sir William Dawson of Montreal, the scholarly principal of McGill College, and also of Principal Grant of Queen's University, Kingston. The latter and the subject of the present sketch were school-mates in boyhood's early days. The father of Principal Grant was the first teacher the boys had. Mr. Cumming studied for the Ministry at the Presbyterian College, Halifax, where he was distinguished as an able and earnest student. After completing his curriculum of studies, he travelled extensively. For two years he visited the leading colleges in Scotland and the United States. During that time also he spent several months in and about the Queen City of the Dominion—Toronto. Then came the time for work and the young minister was called to Sharon Church, Stellarton, his native village. There he labored zealously for nine years. Afterwards he was for nearly three years pastor of Calvin Church, Montreal, as successor to Professor Springer, when the latter was appointed to a professional chair in the University of that city. The people, however, of his native province were not content to let him remain there, and earnestly urged him to return. Consequently he relinquished his city charge and went back to the home of his boyhood. Truro, the beautiful and prosperous town of Nova Scotia, has been ever since the scene of his zealous and clerical labors. His church has the familiar name of St. Andrew's and the congregation is large and flourishing. Two years ago he had a vacation in company with his younger brother, also a minister. They travelled round the globe, "My special object" says the Rev. Mr. Cumming about this journey, "was a visit to the Lands of the Bible, particularly Palestine and Egypt. But I enjoyed the whole round trip immensely." The *Presbyterian Record* for the Dominion for '91 contains an article for each month of the year on Palestine. This is from the pen of Mr. Cumming.—ED.

In this series have already appeared:

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|------------------|--|
| Dec. 26th, 1891: | Rev. Benjamin Thomas, D.D., Toronto. |
| Jan. 2nd, 1892: | Rev. Chas. Mockridge, D.D., Toronto. |
| " 9th, " | Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Toronto. |
| " 16th, " | Rev. W. Rainsford, D.D., New York. |
| " 23rd, " | Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., Toronto. |
| " 30th, " | Rev. S. M. Milligan, B.A., Toronto. |
| Feb. 6th, " | Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Toronto. |
| " 13th, " | Rev. Prof. Clarke, F.R.S.C., Toronto. |
| " 20th, " | Rev. S. P. Rose, Montreal. |
| " 27th, " | Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Toronto. |
| March 5th, " | Rev. Wm. Cochran, D.D., Brantford, Ont. |
| " 12th, " | Rev. H. F. Bland, Quebec. |
| " 19th, " | Rev. James Watson, Huntington. |
| " 26th, " | Rev. Manly Benson, Toronto. |
| April 2nd, " | Rev. John Burton, M.A., B.D., Toronto. |
| " 9th, " | Rev. W. T. McMullen, D.D., Woodstock. |
| " 16th, " | Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., Toronto. |
| " 23rd, " | Rev. James Henderson, M.A., Toronto. |
| " 30th, " | Rev. R. Tiefs, B. A., Toronto. |
| May 7th, " | Rev. William Henry Warriner, M.A., B.D., Montreal. |

Society Doings.

"What the world of fashion is doing."

TORONTO.

Mrs. George Bostwick is visiting in New York.

Mr. D. R. Wilkie has been visiting in New York.

Mrs. Joseph Cawthra and family have gone to Europe.

Mr. Shirley Ogilvey of Winnipeg, was in the city last week.

Dr. Graham and family will shortly leave for an extended trip on the continent.

Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, has but recently returned from a pleasant visit to New York.

Mr. W. Rosamond, Cobourg, and Mr. H. G. Broderick, St. Thomas, were in the city last week.

Alfred Hoskin, Q. C., and W. R. Grant have been elected life members of the St. George's Society.

Mr. and Mrs. Complin and family, of London, Ont., have come for a visit of some months to Toronto.

A number of Toronto ladies are learning to cycle. Quite a few are making great progress on the wheel.

Mrs. George Torrance, who is visiting in New York, has been noticeable for her grace and style at several social functions.

Major J. H. Mead has returned from a most enjoyable stay in Washington, where all manner of kind hospitality was shown him.

Miss Patterson of Picton, who is visiting Mrs. Connolly of 297 Jarvis street, intends spending a year in Italy and Germany in the study of music.

Among the seaside visitors at Atlantic City, N. J., are Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Strange and Miss Laura Boulton.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bassett of Baldwin street, who have been wintering in Tennessee and Florida, have returned greatly improved in health, and are now visiting their parents in Bowmanville, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Malcolm have returned from their wedding trip and have taken up house at 54 Bismarck avenue. Mrs. Malcolm will be pleased to receive her friends on and after Friday, May 10.

Mrs. Charles Riordan of the Queen's Park, gave a delightful dance, in honor of her daughter who is yet not out. Over sixty jolly young debutants enjoyed this charming hostess' kind hospitality.

A party of young ladies are arranging for a tour of the continent with Miss Hill, who for some seasons has conducted similar parties. Among the travellers will be the Misses Herbert Mason, and Miss J. Gooderham.

Miss Snive, the clever Lady Superintendent of the General Hospital, Toronto, has been on a very interesting tour of American cities, taking notes of the various systems and practices of the most famous hospitals for the benefit of her own charge. She returned some days since.

Prof. Davis on Wednesday evening was presented with an illuminated address and a beautiful swinging silver water pitcher, and Mrs. Davis with a five-o'clock tea-service, by the pupils of his Wednesday evening dancing class. Mr. Davis was quite surprised at this generous recognition of his services.

Mrs. and the Misses Rutherford of Northfield, Jarvis street, gave a delightful tea last Saturday afternoon in honor of their guest, Miss Ashworth of London, England. Among the guests were: Mrs. Percy Rutherford, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mrs. H. Vincent Greene, Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby, Miss Frances Smith, the Misses Arthurs, the Misses Lockhart, Mrs. McCulloch, Colonel Grassett, Mr. Pipon, Miss Minnie Parsons, Miss Hugel, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Ince and Major Harrison.

There was a fashionable audience on Wednesday at Professor Malchien's entertainment, but hardly such a large one as we should have liked to see, considering the quality of the quality of the performance. The duel scene from the Corsican brothers was admirably rendered and ranked high as an amateur performance. "My Turn Next" was ably produced by the Sheridan Dramatic Club, and some able fencing was displayed. May the Toronto Fencing Club have a greater success at their next venture.

At the concert in Broadway Hall last week, under the auspices of the St. Thomas Church Cricket Club, Miss Connie Jarvis scored a triumph by her delightful rendering of the song "Only Once More"; Miss Morgan also sang beautifully, as she is ever wont to do, but the piece de resistance was the "Three Little Maids from School (Mikado)" charmingly sung and acted by Miss Connie Jarvis, Miss Edith Jarvis and Miss Heward. So fetching was the effort of these three little maids that they won three rapturous recalls.

A sure sign of summer is the congregating of the various tennis clubs in conclave assembled, and the reports of their annual meetings. Just as soon as the grass is green, the lovers of the game begin to mark out the courts, and buy blazers and caps fearfully and wonderfully colored, and elect officers and canvas for members. Toronto is no exception to this rule. The Rosedale club had their meeting on the 29th and the ever popular Mr. Charles Hirschfelder is president for the ensuing year. "Charlie," with his well known gallantry and kindness, earnestly desires a large lady membership, and no doubt such will be secured.

Mrs. George Crawford of Church street gave a most successful progressive euchre party recently. The charming hostess looked lovely in a white satin gown trimmed with pearls. Miss Ashworth, in whose honor the party was given, wore a most becoming white

silk gown. Mrs. Law wore a handsome black dress and silver brocade. Miss Maude Rutherford, pink tulle. Mrs. Percy Rutherford looked very pretty in a gown of black and gold. Mrs. E. H. Duggan's pretty gown was of pink and black. Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Mr. Willie Sproatt, Mrs. and the Miss Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Mr. Ricketts, Mr. Percy Rutherford, Mr. Pipon, Commander Law, the Misses Lockhart, Mr. Harte and others were present.

The Toronto Excelsior Minstrel troupe, composed of young gentlemen of Toronto, gave a fine entertainment at Weston recently. A most appreciative audience was entertained by their performances. The end men were Messrs. A. Blackburn, H. Fletcher; Messrs. W. Morrison, and G. McConnell, tambourines; Messrs. W. Carruthers, W. Dixon, W. Blue and W. Lillie, bones; and C. Jarvis, interlocutor. The jokes were new, and the songs exceedingly well rendered. Mr. Howard Fletcher gave a musical sketch in the second part which showed much ability. Mr. W. Blue as contortionist; Mr. C. A. Nichols in his recital "The Tramp," and the Russell brothers as acrobats were very good. In fact, the whole performance was of great merit.

BRAMPTON.

A lovely ball was given recently by the gentlemen of this lively town, which was largely attended by friends from various neighbouring towns and cities. Some handsome costumes were worn, and a most delightful evening enjoyed by all. The guests are as follows; among others Mr. and Mrs. R. Brown, Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Travers, Mrs. Leach, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. W. Eyres, the music essery, Eyres, Kemp, Lamb, Mahaffy, Toye and White and Messrs L. W. Butler, T. Blake, J. D. Bailey, C. E. Booth, T. B. Clarke, W. J. Darby, Wm. Irvine, F. G. O'Grady, G. Peaker, A. Rodger, J. Martan, P. F. Ross, and G. Shaw from Toronto.

MESSRS. DUNBAR and Jeffery from Guelph, Mr. Wilson from Orangeville, Mr. C. Jagger from Weston, Mr. K. H. McClung from Streetsville.

MRS. T. MORPHY, Mrs. A. F. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Watson, Mrs. and the Misses Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Al Williams, Mrs. Shibley, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Morphy, Mrs. and Miss Corbat, Mrs. W. G. Jessop, the Misses Anderson Bannisher, Baine, Ellison, Hosie, Lowes, Mullin, Mason, McClelland, Robertson and Schooley and the Messrs. J. E. A. Bannisher, Capt. Brown, A. K. Chisholm, D. H. Chisholm, C. B. Cronyn, W. Davidson, W. M. Gray, Dr. Hall, C. B. Hodgson, W. Lowes, F. F. Loosemore, A. E. Mullin, W. B. McCulla, A. McKetchine, A. R. Pringle, W. F. Scott, Jim Scott, W. W. Stark, E. T. Stark, E. Steen, R. A. Shields, A. E. Williamson and W. W. Woods.

GODERICH.

A very interesting event took place at St. Peter's Church on Monday morning, by which Goderich loses one of her fair daughters. Long before the appointed time (10 o'clock) the church was filled with fair young girls, who were, no doubt, getting "pointers," and a goodly sprinkling of the sterner sex, who always manage to "get there," even if it is after the bride has entered. Shortly after 10 o'clock the bride, Miss Mary McGregor, entered the church with her father, Capt. McGregor, and bridesmaid Miss Annie McIntosh, of Detroit. They were met at the altar by the groom, Mr. Alex. Kidd, of Omaha, and Dr. McKay, of Seaforth, who acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Borham, assisted by the Rev. Father West. Miss Annie Dowdie, of Seaforth, sang "Ave Marie" and "Ora pro Nobis" in her most finished style during the service. The bride wore a very becoming travelling dress of light fawn and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bride's maid wore a pearl grey silk, trimmed with pink, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. After the ceremony and wedding *dejeuner* the happy couple left, amid showers of rice and good wishes, for a trip through the Western States. Among the guests we noticed Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, W. T. Garrow, M. P. P., and Mrs. Garrow; Mrs. R. G. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. William Keely, Miss Wilson, Miss Fletcher, Mrs. Proudfoot, Miss Hutchison, Miss Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Kidd, Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh, Mrs. Philip Holt, Mrs. Ed. McGregor, of Sarnia, and Miss Kidd, of Seaforth.

DEER PARK.

The Willing Workers' Association, of Christ Church, Deer Park, held a very successful bazar and sale of work in the school house, on Friday of last week, in aid of the restoration of the church, and the result was very gratifying.

It was directed under the able management of the society's worthy president, Mrs. Geo. Ridout, and the vice-president, Mrs. Edwin Snider.

The bazar opened at 3 p.m., and from then until late in the evening the crowds of visitors were treated to a choice programme of music while making their purchases. A number of stalls were tastefully arranged around the room, and were presided over by the following young ladies: The art stall by the Misses Mulholland and Hoskin; over the flower stall were the Misses Minnie Hoskin, and Lois Taylor.

Miss Jacques and Miss Lillie Taylor had charge of the candy stall, and at the refreshment table, presided over by Miss Hutty and Miss Farr and assistants, ice cream and cooling drinks were in great demand by many of the visitors. Needle and fancy work, and many useful articles were tastefully displayed on the centre table, and many of them were disposed of at reasonable figures. Altogether the affair was very successful.

NEWMARKET.

The gentlemen of Newmarket, on Wednesday, April 27th, entertained some two hundred guests at an assembly in the Town Hall.

Glionna's full orchestra furnished excellent music, and a sumptuous supper was served. The hall was artistically and gaily decorated for the occasion. Many of the gentlemen appeared in military uniform, adding greatly to the brilliancy of the scene. All were unanimous in pronouncing the party a thorough success. The following ladies acted as patronesses: Mrs. William Roe, Mrs. A. J. Stewart, Mrs. C. G. Ross, Mrs. T. H. Brenton, Mrs. D. M. Campbell, Mrs. W. A. Brunton, Mrs. F. C. Hoag, Mrs. J. A. Bastedo, Mrs. A. E. Rae, Mrs. J. S. Downes.

The following gentlemen were the stewards of the evening: Messrs. Stuart, Ross, Hoag, Downes, Campbell, Brunton, Lowe, Bastedo, Brines, Bogart, Cane, Lloyd.

Among the guests were the following:

Miss Appelbe and Miss Bristol, Oakville; Miss Bently and Miss Howard, Sutton; Col. Wayling, J. Wayling, Sharon; Capt. Holmes and the Misses Holmes, Richmond Hill; Mr. Alex. Gibson, Peterboro'; Dr. I. A. Freel, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Fleury, Stouffville.

Mr. A. G. Bastedo, Mr. C. J. Catto and Miss Catto, Mr. D. S. Cassils, Dr. F. Dawson, Miss Finn, Miss Findlay, McFord Hudson, Mr. B. Greenwood, Mr. Wm. Lee, Misses Lee, Miss Emma Lee, Mr. John F. Michie, Mr. Charles S. Michie, Miss Annie Michie, Dr. R. A. McArthur, Mr. F. W. Maclean, Miss McGugan, Miss Lake, Mr. W. McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Pringle, Mr. P. F. Ross, Mr. H. P. and Miss Redway, Captain F. J. Roche, Mr. J. M. Saunders, Mr. C. P. Stocking, Captain Symons, Mr. E. J. P. Smith, Mr. H. M. Read, Mr. D. M. Robertson, Mr. Albert Taylor, Mr. T. C. Thompson, Mr. F. J. Whatmough, Mr. H. T. Wilson and Mr. C. Wilson, Mr. J. J. and Miss Walsh, R. Bremner, all of Toronto.

Mr. C. H. Brereton, Miss Catley, Miss Fry, Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Hillory, Dr. R. M. Hillory, Miss Hartman, Mr. and Mrs. M. Fleury, Mr. and Mrs. B. Fleury, Mrs. D. W. Doan, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lloyd, Mr. M. G. Lloyd, Mr. F. W. Meyers, Misses Machell, Mr. A. G. Nichol, Mr. T. H. Lennox, Mrs. Hall, Mr. George Willis and Misses Willis, Misses Wells, Miss Graham, Miss York, Miss A. E. Taylor, all of Aurora.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bastedo, Dr. and Mrs. Stuart, Dr. and Mrs. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Brunton, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Brunton, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Downes, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Hoag, Mr. and Mrs. D. Roche, Misses Michie, Bastedo, Evans, Playter, Binns, Miss Effie Binns, Misses Moore Phillips, Misses Forsyth, Watson, Pearson, Misses Rowan, Gibson, Lundy, Denne, Kelman, Shupe, Eck, Botsford and Ratcliff. Messrs. Mitchell, Burnside, Pres't. A. Hollingshead, C. Moore, L. Dunn, N. Rogers, W. Sutherland, W. S. Sutherland, Major Lloyd, Cane, Burns, Bogart, Lloyd, Lowe, McKerihen, Burgess, A. A. Y. Rumsey, Capt. Gower, and Dr. B. O. Coates, all of Newmarket.

Col. and Mrs. Tyrwhitt, Miss Tyrwhitt, Mr. A. Boddy and Miss Boddy, Miss Armstrong, Dr. F. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Rounney, Messrs. Walter Scott, D. Stoddard, W. E. Stoddard, B. Stoddard, Miss Maggie Stoddard, Misses Stoddard, Miss Stewart, Mr. James Woods, and Miss Woods, all of Bradford.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Grains of Gold.

Ignorance is one of those infirmities that are insensible; and, though it be ever so desperately sick, feels no pain or want of help.

Greek, is, perhaps, the most perfect instrument of thought ever invented by man, and its literature has never been equalled in purity of style and boldness of expression.

Mirth is like the flash of lightning that breaks through the gloom of the clouds and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the soul, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

When it once enters a man's head to have an ambition to be thoroughly crafty, all other evils are necessary consequences. To deceive is the immediate endeavor of him who is proud of the capacity of doing so.

The great moments of life are but moments of the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eye, a mere pressure of the hand may decide it; or of the lips though they cannot speak.

The great art of conversation consists in not wounding or humiliating any one, of speaking only of things we know, in conversing with others only on subjects which may interest them.

No good or lovely thing exists in the world without its corresponding darkness. The universe presents itself continually to mankind under the stern aspect of warning or of choice, the good and the evil set on the right hand and the left.

There must be something beyond man in this world. Even on attaining to his highest possibilities he is like a bird beating against his cage. There is something beyond. Oh, deathless soul, like a seashell meaning for the bosom of the ocean to which it belongs.

To suppose we can indulge in the lower passions or appetites for a time, and then at our pleasure subdue them and lead a higher life, is an illusion that will dissolve as we approach it. Character is self-perpetuating; it uses all its materials, good and bad. None of them can be swept away or be blotted out.

Maintain silence till speech is of use; then speak to the point.

Words are the adulterated skim milk of life, while example is the pure cream.

Ease of manner and self reliance are among the choicest jewels in the casket of manhood.

What makes many persons discontented with their own condition is the absurd idea they form of the happiness of others.

All the knowledge we mortals can acquire is not the knowledge positive, but knowledge comparative, and subject to the errors and passions of humanity.

You must work, nothing is to be got for nothing, and no man who chooses to be industrious need be under obligations to another for labor of every kind commands its reward.

Handiwork.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

Descriptions.

In fig. 1. is seen a bonbon-bag of silk and lace, lined with stiff muslin, and decorated with artificial flowers.

In fig. 2 is seen a biscuit box of cardboard, covered with gimp, in showe colors, and lined with silk, on which is a braided design. This pretty article can be made by any one who has a little skill in fancy work.

In fig. 3. is seen a very handsome bag, which may be used for embroidery materials, or as an ordinary workbag. The top is in silk, and the body of the bag is in silk canvas, worked in the plain cross-stitch, with the Russian colors in floss silk. The silk is tufted at the two corners on each side of a cluster of baby ribbon. The dull red and green show well in such work when the tint of the canvas is grey or pale yellow.

A wall pocket of the latest style is made of pale rose colored silk, with a trimming of small chenille tassels. The back is of cardboard, to which the silk is sewed, and prettily clustered at the top above a bag-like section so simply arranged as to be understood at a glance.

A wall-pocket so arranged as to be useful either as a pocket-emptier or as a newspaper-bag, is made of light green plush, with a border of lace and handiwork. The lining is of the same tint of any suitable material.

A glove satchel of pale amber colored kid, hand painted, with a small design of morning-glories in pink and blue, and lined with pale blue satin. A bow ornaments the front. This satchel is so simple as to require no description of the manner of making it.

A novel ornament for a gaselier has been recently introduced in the shape of a triple-fan, bordered on the edge with artificial flowers. You purchase three fans of the screen shape, as unlike one another as possible, as in their varied color and decoration a part of the picturesqueness of effect is found. Around the edge of each one, and upon the handles, you attach a row of the smallest but brightest artificial flowers that you can find, selecting those which have a slender, flexible stem, which enables you to give a pretty drooping effect. When your flowers are fastened, take the three fans and tie the handles in such a way as to give the shape of one large fan. Attach this by the handles to the gaselier, letting it hang as low as possible without being in the way. Do not omit to select fans of which both sides are ornamented, and put your flowers on both edges. If you do not succeed in finding such fans, which may be the case, as they are more rare than those having designs on one side only, you must make up for the lack of such pictures by covering the plain side with flowers or small bows of ribbon. This kind of ornament is much liked at present, and is especially pretty when ornamented with flowers which harmonize with the colors in the design; but perfectly plain fans cut into a flower shape, and decorated with blossoms of the kind of which the shape has been chosen in the outline of the fan, are as much admired as the already ornamented kind which we have described.

Another pretty article, and one which is used in various ways and may be attached to the gaselier, wall or the under part of a suspended bracket, is a butterfly in plush, with gold lace around the sections of the wings, and cabochons of jet or gold, to simulate the markings seen on the insect, gold wire being used as the feelers. When put to the purpose of a photograph frame, this article is

made five times as large as a real butterfly, and is intended merely for small pictures, but it is very good as a frame for such pictures, and serves to protect their edges, and when hung up by the feelers themselves has an effect of novelty as well as the oddity still sought in such things.

A case for notepaper, made by covering a cigar box with kid, which must be decorated with hand-painted flowers, and lined with silk, is quaintly adorned by toy mice, resting upon the top, and at the base of two little muslin bags filled with bran, and tied with ribbon, and meant to represent bags of flour. These bags serve to keep down the top of the case, which does not require a fastening. A good selection of color for the outside is green, and pink for the lining. Let your mice be placed so as to seem to be nibbling the bags, and tie the top of each one of these sacks with ribbon.

The same design is used for little bags of almond meal, such as is now so much liked for, toilet purposes, and in such a case the part on which the toy mice rest should be of cardboard, and serves to contain a portion of the meal, or the shavings of castile soap, which are added to the meal to make the bath-bags now used.

Bath bags contain almond meal, orris root and the fine shavings of soap above mentioned.

The way to make a bath-bag is as follows: You take a piece of cheese-cloth, and cut two sections about four inches long. You sew these together on the edges, leaving the top open; this top you hem and run in a string. Fill in with the meal, soap, and orris root—this last being, of course, in powder—and you have it ready for your bath. After use, let it be added, it must be emptied and washed, and laid out to dry. Then keep in the little case above described, where you can lay it on the top of the meal in readiness for use.

As it is the fashion to display all kinds of knickknacks upon the drawing-room table, it may be as well to know that among them

inches, is given an inch-wide hem across the top, and is drawn up closely with long, running stitches at the bottom, and sewed to one end of the narrow bottom piece; each side of the gathered piece should now measure eleven inches, and be sewed to the correspond-



NO. 2.—FANCY BISCUIT BOX.

ing sides of the plain front and back. This finishes one side or end of the bag. The other end is finished in the same way.

Across the inside of the back piece is placed a full pocket, eight inches deep, to hold balls, spools, etc. The top is finished with a shirring for an elastic band beneath a narrow standing ruffle. Above the pocket are tacked flannel needle-leaves and scissors straps. Sometimes an interlining of wadding is placed beneath the inner cover of the back piece, and the whole used as needle-book or pin-cushion. Sometimes the pocket is omitted, and a third piece, just like the front and back, is fitted in between the two, to divide the bag into two equal or unequal compartments.

Small brass or silvered rings—or home-made ones of wound wire covered with knitting silk or floss in closely-worked double crochet—are sewed to each upper corner of the front and back, and three more are sewed crosswise to the hem of each side-piece—one in the middle and one four inches from each corner ring.

A narrow, stitched band of the plain sateen is run through the rings, and the ends are neatly joined. This forms the means of suspension, and also allows the bag to be opened easily and widely when in use. The lettering is worked with silk or floss in colors to match the figures in the side-pieces.

Such bags, though handy to use for any family mending, are especially convenient for stockings, which may be dropped into them every week as soon as dried, there to wait, in company with thread, yarn, needles, etc., till mending day arrives.

A New Idea.

The beautiful yokes in crochet, which are showing patterns so attractive, are utilized by some ladies as follows: We will suppose that a lady prefers to retain, even in the cold weather, her low-necked and short-sleeved underwear, as some, who are not sensitive to cold, can do. She takes one of the yokes alluded to, and which is made broad enough to come almost up to the throat, besides having the wing-shaped piece which forms a sleeve-top. She divides this yoke in the centre and runs a lace on each of the parted edges. She sews this yoke all round to the top of her corset. As the corset fastens in front she has no difficulty in adjusting the yoke, simply passing her arms into the short sleeves when putting it on, as into those of a low-necked, front-fastening bodice. She is then as warm—having already her low-necked jersey underjacket—as some wish to be, even in winter. The lined

waists of cloth dresses are so heavy that many will be glad to make use of the idea given here.

Unsuitable.

"This ticket won't do for me," complained Swayback, when the bridge-keeper gave him a ticket on which was printed: "Good for one foot passenger."

"Why not?"

"Because I have two feet."



NO. 3.—HANDSOME BAG.


HARVEST TIME.
(Suggestion for a Decorative Panel.)

are the oddest melon-shaped baskets of cardboard or stiffened canvas, covered with brocaded satin or light plush, with an embroidery in gold thread or brilliant beads, the top being of soft surah, with a drawing cord. These bags serve to hold bonbons or fine fruit. Other baskets of gilt bamboo, adorned with work in floss silk on the sections of silk displayed on the sides, are intended for notepaper.

A square work-basket, having pockets on three sides, is made over a rattan shape with supporters, and is constructed to measure half a yard on the sides and three-quarters on the front and back. You require some pretty thin silk to line this basket—yellow being a good color, and for the outside dark plush of a blue, red or green tint, as your more showy effects can be produced by using brocaded satin or silk or figured woolen for your pockets, which should be lined with a bright color also, and have an edge of metal cord and loops of the same. Large bows of gay ribbon hold the pockets to the basket, and decorate the handle and top of the supports. Well made, such a basket amply repays the trouble taken by the maker.

Mending Bag.

The following directions are for an extremely simple but useful mending bag. The plain sateen front and back pieces are each made by covering a piece of cardboard eleven by nine inches (narrowed to seven and a-half at the bottom), and a narrow strip, three and a half by seven and a half, is similarly covered for the bottom; the three pieces are then joined by overhand seams on what is to be the inside of the bag.

A piece of figured sateen or cretonne, twenty-one by thirteen



ELONGATED CUSHION.

Fashions.

"What we really want is advice."—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.



LARGE PICTURE HAT, with brim of black nutmeg straw and transparent crown of black guipure; three large black ostrich tips; black velvet bows and large silver buckle.

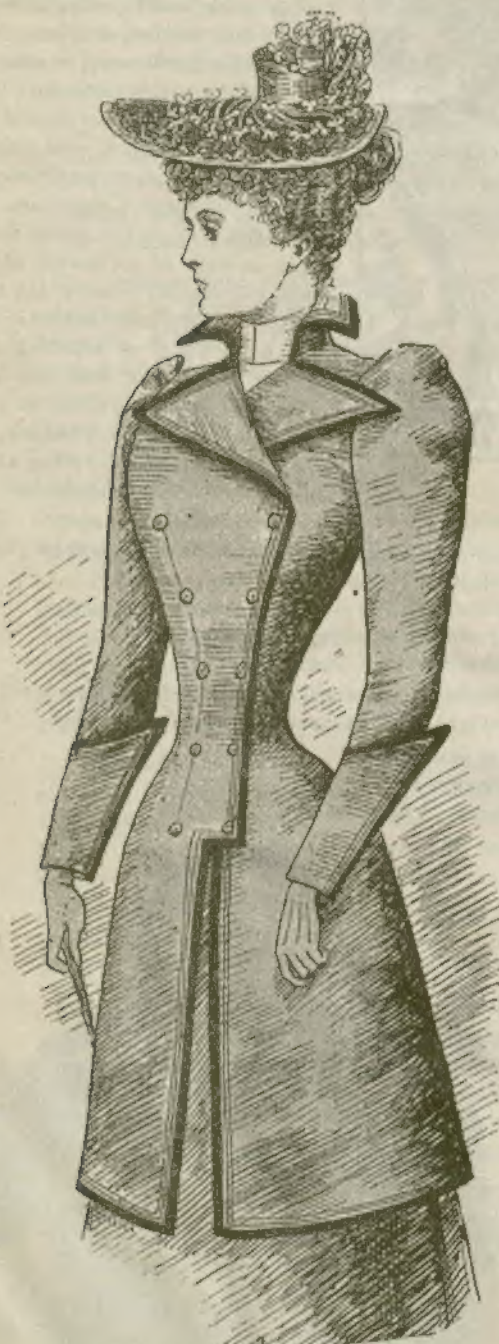
Notes.

THE very latest house dress has the bodice made guiampe fashion, full and soft, and the skirts coming over the waist and forming a girdle effect, after the idea of the Spanish waist.

THE box-coat, though often seen, will never be universally worn, as it spoils the most graceful figure. The real box-coat, whether for man or girl, is entirely without a seam in the back, and gives a balloon effect to the finest carriage.

THE Russian blouse is made in every color, and forms a dressy waist to the very plain skirts still worn. They are trimmed with fur (fur will be worn all summer according to the Paris fashion notes) and are very stylish and popular.

SPRING HAT.—Shape of fancy dark blue straw, the rim edged with beads; a bunch of pink roses at one side, long streamers of



JACKET in fine black serge, double-breasted, fastened with smoked pearl buttons; large collar.

black[moire ribbon behind, and the veil coming down over the chin, fastened with a "lover's knot" pin behind, the ends descending almost to the waist. This arrangement of the veil is the most popular, and is very becoming. It does away with the unbecoming fashion of stretching it across the mouth and nose. The embroidered edge to the veil and its great length, often measuring three or more yards, serve to make it popular as well as expensive, the best veiling costing from \$1 to \$4 a yard.

AFTERNOON TOILETTE.—The material is a striped moire and satin of mountain-ash berry shade. The three flounces at the lower border of trained skirt, the bretelle frill, the peaked waistband and side rosette are in black satin. A second rosette, with streamer ends, ornaments the fastening at the back. The front of the bodice opens over a narrow filling in, covered with bead drops in jet. A Medicis collar; satin frills round the lower edge in ribbon; otherwise satin in the piece would be liable to cockle, and the bretelle epaulette, with graceful fall in front, should be of doubled satin, not lined. The crinkled gigot sleeve is the latest model.

A WALKING COSTUME in Styx grey cloth is made close to the figure in bell shape. The ornament in front of the hips, and re-



SUMMER DRESS of fancy crepon, trimmed with lace and ribbon bows.

peated at the back, is a turned-in seam to bring the material to the size required, on which are three pearl buttons and three tabs worked in black. Three crosscuts at the lower border. A perfectly close-fitting bodice, open over a white cloth vest, and bordered round the opening with white passementerie. A band collar, straight and full sleeves to clear the elbows and white cloth close inner sleeves. The three crosscuts at the lower edge of the skirt are slightly stretched by means of a warm iron under which they are drawn.

A WALKING costume in spring is always selected with a view to its appropriateness for a matinee, for visiting, and afternoon "at homes," when a dressy appearance is indispensable, and no time can be allowed for change of toilette between the drive and dressing bell for dinner at one's own residence. The Tudor style is found to be most convenient, comprising capes, pelerines, mantles with stole ends, ruffed collarettes (or collarettes and carricks of pleated lace), rich galon with cornaline studs, imitation gems, shaped girdles and other accessories, such as rich gauntlet cuffs and stomachers. The collar, either attached to a cape, or rising from a yoke, is ever indicative of this period, but an effort is now made to

unite the Louis XV. and the Tudor styles, the latter being found too exclusive of the be-ribboned adornments so peculiarly feminine.

LATEST MODEL FOR A FULL-DRESS HIGH TOILETTE.—The materials are peau de soie, faille ribbon and white lace in a bright shade of hortensia rose. The slight fullness at the sides of the skirt is due to the length being raised under a partial basque edged



SPRING HAT.

with lace, the latter being so arranged that no fullness is allowed to cover the upper part of the tablier front. The flounce at the lower edge is gathered to form a heading of ruche, having bows spaced along to keep the same in position. The bodice is laced at the back and has three dart seams in front which mould it to the figure. The newest crinkled sleeves, that is, they in one piece on the cross, with gathering down the inner seam as far as the elbow, whence a close-fitting coat sleeve to the wrists. The lace fall forms a deep, rounded cape, raised in front under a bow, which finishes a ruche of the same ribbon drawn to the form of the shoulders, and worn separate from the lace as would be a necklace. Primrose yellow gloves; a pearl mounted gauze fan.

PERDITA—Poor fellow, he thinks you love him.

PENELOPE—What a joke! Why, I'm only engaged to him.



GIRL'S FROCK.



Cosy Corner Chats
With Our Girls.

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.)



COUSIN LUE writes a splendid letter, all about her lovely home in the South, which seems to be a regular little Paradise. I think I will just let you read what she says: "I live in one of the prettiest towns in the world. It is on Edenton Bay, which, travellers say, rivals the Bay of Naples in beauty. The main street of our town is broad enough for two drives, there are three rows of beautiful elm trees, one on either side

and one down the middle, and in spring when these trees are in full foliage this is one of the prettiest streets in the State; it is very straight, with beautiful stores and dwellings and at the foot is the Bay. Here are the largest Magnolia trees in the U. S., I suppose; besides, we have the water lilies, which are as pretty as the Magnolias, only not so large. Also, yellow Jessamine grows wild here, is now in full bloom." Lue goes on to tell me about the fruits and the industries, and says afterwards, "But the greatest and most profitable industry of our people is catching fish, which at this season are swarming in our Sound and Rivers. The people catch them in Dutch nets, and large seines, sometimes half a mile long, drawn by two engines, and they catch as many as 200,000 herrings and shad at one haul. It is a great sight to see the seine drawn to shore with this number of live fish all fluttering and jumping!" Now girls, isn't that an interesting little picture of life down South? I give you that part of our Lue's letter, partly to please you, and partly to satisfy the curiosity of two or three cousins who have asked me, "What do the other girls write?" Let me have some more soon, Lue, dear.

WELL, Cousin Clara, you will have seen by this time that Idalia won the prize. I have sent it to her, and when I hear from her, you will see whether it pleased her. I saw the address you gave and it took me back to my old school days. You know the Ladies college up on the hill just outside the City? Well, that is where your Cousin Ruth graduated, a good many years ago, and I think one of the daughters of the name in your address was in the same graduating class. Her name was Emily, and another, a cousin, Fannie. Did you ever hear of them, my dear? Dear me! What pranks we used to play in those days! Write again. It makes me feel quite young again, to see your name and address.

CORA number Two comes from Wisconsin, and wants to know if she may enter the Cosy Corner? Of course you may, dear. You and New York Cora should like each other. This Cora teaches school, and has a warm heart. I am quite sure from her letter; she has the cutest surname, girls, but of course I must not tell it in the paper. Here we are all *incog*, like the Queen when she travels. I wish you had told me a little more about your work, Cora. Can't you take time some day, and give me some idea of it. I know all about the other Cora, as she will hear me witness, and I can often fancy just what she is doing through the day. I have thought over your way of spending an evening quite often. It touched a tender spot.

Now, Edna, you are a real bit of an Irish woman, in spite of your unIrish name! So you read the Cosy Corner first, do you? Well, I believe you, for it is your own part of the paper, and you naturally take most interest in it. Like you, I do not read novels, but it is probably because I have not time. When I had leisure, I used to read good ones, lots of them. All of Dickens', some of Scott's, all of George Eliot's, and Thackeray's and Edna Lyall's, and Charles Reades, and Blackmore's. Oh, have you ever read Lorna Doone? If not, please do, I am sure you will enjoy it. I dearly love the Sea, and Clark Russell's Sea yarns have a warm place in my heart. Have you read Lew Wallace's Ben Hur, and the Fair God, and Black's queer Shetland and Highland stories, and Charlotte Bronte's Jane Eyre? These are a few of my lighter table. Please don't say "light fiction is always to be condemned." What would you think of me, if I confessed to a perfect delight in Frank Stockton's "Mrs. Tecks and Mrs. Ayleshire," and "Rudder Grange?" Yet I must risk your displeasure and say that I thoroughly enjoy a funny book sometimes. Say, did you ever read "Helen's Babies?" I had, some time ago, a letter from John Habberton, the man who is responsible for that inimitable book, and he is such a bright, business-like, kind man, just splendid! I love all your poets, except Burns. Will you forgive me. Now Edna Grund, you see somebody but yourself can be long-winded when they "talk book." Call again, dear!

CORA, my dear, how are you? I am so glad you have read "Jess." I like it best of any of Maggard's, and I've read every

one. "Looking Backward," also, I enjoyed; it gave me a lift, somehow. You don't read as greedily as I do. Boaz says I don't read all through, but I can give him chapter and verse for every incident, a week after I have rushed through a book, or rather I could, before I took up journalism, and I steep myself in the atmosphere of the book. That is why I dare not read a bad or doubtful book. About that one you are looking for; only the duty prevented me from sending it. The Virginia brother is still home, and so I think I will just send it by mail. Talking of poets, do you know Jean Ingelow's "Divided." Some day when I go to tea with you, I will read it, and tell you something about it.

SO YOU shall hear from Cousin Ruth, Rilla; I wasn't surprised to hear from you, but I was surprised to think you had been just outside the corner so long, and had not stepped in. You won't have to complain long that you have never seen me, my dear, for I am going to put myself at the head of the column, that all those girls who have been writing to me for pictures may have a good look at me. I should be ruined in my financial standing if I had to send photos all over creation, so the Managing Editor takes the care in hand, and tries to please the girls in his own way. As to your question about the wraps, loose coats, long cloaks, with wattleau pleats and half fitting long jackets will all be worn—as well as short capes, made of a yoke, collar, and deep flounce set on. Tell me some more about yourself. Your letter was too short. Rhea signed herself my "Gabby Cousin." Well I like the cousins to be gabby. Goodbye, dear girls.

Cousin Ruth

Idle Thoughts of an Idle Woman.

WHAT IS IDLENESS.

Both Jerome and I are credited with encouraging Idleness with a capital I owing to the title which he originated, and I adopted with a slight variation, and I have been asked to define the condition as a posing question. What is Idleness?

I am on the defensive for Jerome as well as for myself. Idleness therefore is according to the individual a condition of inaction or a condition of temperament. The lazy man or woman is naturally idle but the idle man or woman is not naturally lazy. The idleness of laziness is a constitutional defect but the idleness of inaction is a physical luxury. Only the really hardworked portion of humanity realises the pleasures of Idleness, the supreme satisfaction of having nothing to do or to leave undone. The naturally idle can never thoroughly appreciate their own condition whose strength lies in the force of contrast, Idleness as opposed to work. Further, Idleness is the ability to do nothing without absolute waste of time. Now that contemplation is so generally recommended to the human race, Idleness which is certainly an accessory of contemplation should receive more encouragement. Every one now-a-days, lives too hard and too fast. Idleness is fast becoming an unknown quantity. It is dying out. No one hardly, even the rich, has time to be Idle. Walter Pater in his "Appreciations" says of Wordsworth, "One lesson if men must have lessons. He conveys more clearly than all, the supreme importance of contemplation in the conduct of life."

The summer season now so rapidly approaching is essentially the Idler's season; then the harassed worker flies far "from the madding crowd," eschewing the noise and heat of cities, and seeking to commune with his own heart in the great silence of nature and be still. The busy pen rests, the flowing ink runs dry, the mental machine desists from its labors, observation, perception, deduction, inference lie dormant, and with a sense of satisfaction no physical indulgence can afford, the complex mechanism of numerous human beings abandons itself to Idleness. Wood, lake, river, stream, sea-shore and mountain side, each and all have their votaries, though the true lover of nature in her perfection of majesty and variety will if possible turn where

The mountains live in holy families
And the slow pinewoods ever climb and climb
Half up their breasts; just stagger as they seize
Some grey crag, hence drop back many a time
And struggle blindly down the precipice."

After a few weeks of perfect Idleness habit will assert itself, and monotony born of inaction will act as oil upon the mental machine, the dormant faculties will awake, ideas develop, thoughts form, perceptions be aroused. With these associations the old desire to find expression for them which is the necessity of the writer as it is of the painter and sculptor will begin to work like leaven upon the yeast of Idleness, pen, ink, and paper will once more be taken up; and the article spring to life. Under such conditions probably were Jerome's "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" born.

OIDA.

Some little time ago after a period of hard mental work, I also dwelled in the luxury of Idleness! For the first few weeks my thoughts were absolutely without form and void, and I realised to the full, the force of one's mind being a blank. I read the most trivial tales without actually having an idea of them, my brain seemed numb, I could sit for hours in a cosy chair and do nothing, a phase of existence most opposed to my normal condition. By slow degrees my mind recovered its equilibrium, and the first book, I had any distinct consciousness of, was one of Ouida's, which has suggested her name to me in connection with Idleness.

I begin to feel that "Syrilin" had made an impression, and to formulate my ideas of the impression.

Poor Ouida, she is despised by literary critics and other authorities, yet with all her exaggerations, quotations snobbery and pe-

dantry, her style is often powerful and picturesque especially when she ceases to consort with dukes and duchesses, and associates only with the common peasant of France and Italy. Then too she has the gift of sympathy together with a love for the entire brute creation. Charity is also strongly developed in her. Ouida first taught me to make allowances for all evil under the sun, to seek the cause before judging the effect, and no writer who can inculcate this truth can be said to have written in vain. The lesson of Charity is one for all womankind to learn, and the instilling of such a precept condones many of the faults and follies of her books.

One would imagine from the tone of "Idalia," "Chandos" and other of her novels of high life, that Louise de la Ramee, known to her friends from babyhood as Ouida, was not conversant with London Society. On the contrary she has been the heroine not only of perpetual Sunday evening receptions in the great Metropolis, but also of the field of Hurlingham. She professes respect for British artistic and intellectual judgment, and is as little displeased to be told that her writings are opposed to the whole tone, and tenor of the British temperament, as to be assured that her French origin deeply colors her mind and character. Authorship of some sort has always been the gratification of a natural impulse, and at four years of age she wrote a child's story in printed characters. She has always been somewhat of a student. When very young she was trained to masculine modes of culture, and taught by her father who was a man of polished intellect which he frittered away in Utopian dreams and political conspiracies. As a child she acquired a smattering of Algebra and Mathematics, and delighted to trace on ancient maps, the campaigns of Alexander and Caesar. This love of study has never left her, and she adds to it a great and reverent love for all the Arts. Though she goes much into society, she is quite independent of it, and even protests that it is monotonous, that very few people talk well and that none talk well in a crowd. She has as her novels prove, a strong belief in race and enjoys what the Westminster Review once called "a remarkable freedom from the bonds of any kind of prejudice." Ouida is of medium height slight and fair, with an oval face, large dark blue eyes and golden brown hair; she always like Marie Bashkirtseff wears white in summer, and in winter is addicted to black velvet. In her habits of thought, her powers of description, and her keenness of tongue she has by enthusiastic admirers been compared to George Sand. Like the great French writer she practises a generous hospitality towards all who come to her either with credentials of friendship, worth, or distinction, she has also mastered the secrets of the "petit diner." With a fair share of vanity she must certainly be credited, her vanity however has less of intolerance than might be expected. She forms her opinions rapidly, defends them sharply and abandons them seldom. At all periods of her life, she has possessed a distinct individuality of her own. Ouida is not insensible to the popularity she enjoys, nor is she ungrateful for the many testimonies of that popularity which she receives. The compliment which perhaps pleased her most was when Bulwer Lytton told her, he had read every line she ever wrote and among her most valued papers is a letter of eight pages written by him not long before his death on Folle-Farine which he considered one of the triumphs of modern English romance.

SHOULD WIVES OPEN THEIR HUSBAND'S LETTERS.

The small paragraph on this subject which I introduced into my first number of Idle Thoughts has given rise to so much discussion, I find, that I shall be glad if any readers of the Ladies' Pictorial, who are interested in the matter will give me their views addressing me at 192 King Street West, Toronto. I will obtain the opinions of some of my own friends also, and publish the condensed pros and cons of both sides of the question. There is one correspondent of mine in London, Ontario I am especially anxious to hear from.

SPRAGGE E. SPRAGGE.

An Ideal Husband.

84. An ideal husband must be a man whose name you will be proud to bear. To whom you can carry all your doubts and perplexities, and with whom you can find sympathy and joy. He must be a good business man, or he cannot make for you a proper home. Be a manly man who loves his wife. Be strong when trouble comes. Be considerate of his mother; for a good son makes an ideal husband. This is the man a woman likes, and her every sigh of satisfaction is a silent prayer that says "God bless him."

85. To make an ideal husband the man is to possess: Faith in God and faith in his wife, conscience, self-esteem or self-respect, intelligence, education, manners, a nice figure, must be industrious.

86. A gentleman, a Christian, an American, tall and manly in appearance, considerate, kind and generous, temperate in all things, a lover of home, children, books, art, music and all that is beautiful, understands his business and credits his wife with knowing hers, considers her his equal, tells her his income, aids in lightening her burdens and living within means, enjoys good company, health and his meals, possesses tact, humor and an even temperament, gives up his share of likes and dislikes, is a strict but indulgent parent, systematic, practical, modest, honest and brave. A true Head of the Family.

'Rastus.—(to policeman) "Whar's a cheap boardin' hou boss?"

Policeman.—"Right over there. You can get a lodging for teen cents."

'Rastus.—"Fifteen cents! Fo' de lan' sake. Do yo' take fo' a dude? Whar am dey layin' a new water pipe?"

In The Play Room.

"The childhood shows the man as morning shows the day."—MILTON.

Hazelkirk, editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzzles, short stories, poems, etc., will be welcomed. Address "Hazelkirk," in care of this paper.

Jingles.

By MAJORIE F. LATIMER.

There was an old woman
Who grew very thin
She ate nothing but needles
Not even a pin.
She lived a long time
On this pleasant diet
Till her tongue grew so thin
It could never keep quiet.
Her nose was so sharp,
It could cut like a knife;
And her voice had a squeak,
That was worse than a life.
The people grew tired
Of hearing her talk,
So they stole all her needles,
And gave her some pork.
Now on pork and potatoes
She soon grew so fat,
That she never got up
From the chair where she sat.

Little Baby Pringle
Hit upon this jingle,
She says it wherever she goes.
Our dog says bow-wow
Moo moo says the cow
Rest pussy cats scratch
With their toes.

Answers to Puzzles.

(From Last Issue).

No. 1. LITTLE—

Christ—rich—him—hart—cart—chart—
chist—rim—cran—charm—arm—harm—star
arts—tar—stir—mist—mass—hist—chat—
chrism—sit—sat—Sam—mat—Tim—Tam—
sir—rich—ram—rat—shirt—trim—char—bat
—cat—cit—his—hit—mit—mart—mast—is—
'tis—chit—crass—ham—sham—criss—mar.

No. 2. SANCHE PANZA PROVERBIAL
PUZZLES—

1. Little pot, soon hot.
2. Nothing venture, nothing have.

Puzzles.

WORD SQUARE—I.

A toilet necessary, a monster, an enclosed space, a vegetable.

DIAMOND—II.

A consonant, a mineral, a coat, a bitter liquid, time for rest, an animal, a consonant.

DIAMOND—III.

A vowel, a number, to think, a fabulous animal, to clear away, before, a consonant.

WORD SQUARE—IV.

Sour, to give up, an object of adoration, a valley.

CHARADE—V.

Without my first old England's arm
Would lose its wonted power;
Without my next no nation could
Exist a single hour.
My third upon my first doth ride:
My whole is still our country's pride.

Keeping White Rats.

The cage is of the first importance. It should be as large as possible and with perches, and a little tree, if there be room, for these rodents love to climb. There should be a dark retiring-room with a nice morsel of the very cleanest of hay in it and a bit of cotton-wool in winter. This bed should be frequently changed.

If you want to go in for anything specially fanciful, you may have a square tower to your cage, with a spiral stair up the centre, and a way out to the roof, where a flagstaff should be. This gives no end of fun, for sitting on one end on top—doing sentinel—a white rat looks very droll.

The cage should be bedded first with a piece of clean paper on the bottom drawer, and over this nice hay. Take the cage down when you want amusement, placing anything a rat can carry, from your sister's silver thimble, if she isn't looking, to an apple, open your pet's door, and the fun will commence.

But before a rat is really funny it must know and love you, so it must be frequently nursed. They never bite if handled as babies. Food: bread and milk, grains, a little fruit, such as apples and and green stuff. Nothing salt or greasy. No meat.

TRENT, May 1892.

DEAR PLAYROOM EDITOR.—I promised you a letter telling you about our visit to the farm, we had a delightful time. The first thing Carlo did was to jump into the pond and swim across to the other side.

Willie and I went out in the afternoon with the farmer's wife and her two little girls to picnic in the woods, we took our fishing-lines with us and caught lots of fish in a little brook running through the wood. That was the first time I ever fished, and now I think it is great fun, so does Willie. When we got back to the farm-house it was time for tea, we were all very hungry after such a long walk but Janet the maid had the tea quite ready, so all we had to do was to sit down and eat which we did quickly enough.

Willie and I have been invited to spend a week on the farm in holiday time, and if mamma would only let us go I am sure we would enjoy ourselves. I shall write you another letter soon.
Good-bye.
Your little friend,
MAUDE.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

DEAR EDITOR.—I am only nine years old, and have a little brother six years old, we have very cold winters in Winnipeg, and have lots of fun making snowballs, and sliding down toboggan-slides and going out for snow-shoe tramps. We also buy our ice in big pieces about three feet thick, which the men can hardly pull off the wagon, that they get on the river. We buy our water by the barrel in summer. Sometimes in the river-water you will find tiny fish. We have been taking you for about five months and enjoy you more than any other paper we get, in the long winter months we always looked for the day which brought you with pleasure. We

took their new acquaintance to their own place of refuge, made him known to the members of the family and many other friends, and escorted him over the entire cellar. In a very short time he became contented and happy in his new home, and ere many weeks had passed he had grown into what his companions would call a handsome fellow; many boasted of his acquaintance to their friends, especially those at whose home he remained.

One night Jerry met with an accident which might have proved fatal had not help arrived in time to save him. He went up into the kitchen to get a drink, and on the floor in the pantry saw a trap in which was a piece of roasted cheese, it looked delicious and smelled so savory that Jerry thought he might venture in to have a taste.

Notwithstanding the warnings and cautions he had been given, he put his foot on the edge of the trap and in he went, of course the instant he touched the cheese down went the door and Jerry was a prisoner, as soon as he found out the position in which he was placed he nearly died of fright, for he thought aid was impossible, because all the mice were in the cellar and asleep. However he squeaked and squeaked and worked away at the wires until his little teeth were all broken and his mouth cut. One of the elder mice below happened to be awake, and, hearing the noise went up to see what was wrong; in this plight he found Jerry, but by this time he had worked half way out between the wire bars, with a little assistance he knew he would escape and once free again he would be more careful.

The old mouse came up to him, and as quickly as he could caught hold of his back and jerked him out, then he helped Jerry home, for so cut and bruised was he that he was almost helpless and it was some few days ere he was able to be about again, but I fear he was doomed, for the first time he went out he met with a more serious adventure which proved so disastrous that it terminated in his death. It happened thus—one morning early, just after milking time, the maid brought down to the cellar a large pan of milk to stand for cream; all the mice in the basement knew of this immediately, and all must have a drink, so Jerry among the others seated himself on the edge of the milk-pan. Some way or another no one ever exactly knew how, but it was supposed he overbalanced himself and the next instant he had fallen in.

Oh! what an uproar, what a squeaking and crying, as Jerry bravely fought for his life. Getting out of the pan was impossible, for the sides were too steep and he could not climb, there was nothing to hold on to; he struggled and splashed about for a long time but every moment he became weaker, his friends alarmed at his position, one by one left the side of the pan and went home away from the sorrowful sight, grieving sadly over poor Jerry's fate. An hour later some of them returned and found him drowned.

My dear children, this was the last ever known of poor Jerry, for the milk was taken up-stairs in the evening and his body was never again seen.

THE END.

Chinchilla Gray.

She's just as pretty, an' good too,
gooder'n anybody!

But I forgot to tell you who Chinchilla is, an' mamma says folks must be introduced 'fore they get acquainted.

Well, Chinchilla Gray is—don't guess now—the cunningest, sweetest, bestest kitty-cat ever was! She wears a gray dress trimmed with black stripes an' such a soft gray fur collar under her chin. She has bright eyes too, an' paws as soft as velvet, 'cept sometimes. Then they're sharp, but that's when she's playing and wants to grab my string.

One day Rob (Rob's my little brother) played with her too hard. Any way mamma said he did.

What you s'pose? Why he pulled her hair an' tweaked her ears till she said "O-w-w" just as loud! Then Rob let her go, an' she turned 'round an' singed her prettiest song for him!

Now don't you think she's good?

Mamma says she wishes I would sing when Rob pulls my hair.
POLLY.

Hazelkirk

Explaining It Away.

She—"Here you are, soaked again."

He—"No wonder I'm soaked, when you keep me in hot water all the time."



have been to Toronto and when we go again I am going to look up the place where your paper comes from. Your loving reader.
PAUL A—

The Travels of a Mouse.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER IV.

When our hero awoke all about appeared dark, in vain did he look for an opening through which he could see a glimmer of light, but all was black as midnight, and Jerry knew by this and the quiet that night had come. Noiselessly he crept from his hiding-place up to the floor again, and looking about him a little began investigating. The sound of a tiny squeak reached his ear, and he knew there were other mice on the same mission as himself, therefore the wisest thing he could do was to make friends. He shook himself, and, nibbling at a few stray crumbs lying on the floor which he chanced to pass he walked over in the direction from whence the noise came, but could see no one; a moment he waited and again the squeak was heard, this time he was successful for he saw at a little distance two tiny mice feeding from a pan which stood in the corner of the room. As Jerry drew near he saluted them in the usual way; they turned, and seeing a stranger about to near them, jumped down from the side of the pan and came towards him.

How graciously they received Jerry, how different the reception from that of the King; why, they were friends in no time. They

Practical Information for the Housewife

"A hint is often all that is needed."

All questions regarding this department will be cheerfully answered in this column.—Ed.

How to Prevent Cramps in the Legs.

A great many persons suffer from cramps in the muscles of the leg at night time. Sometimes the pains are so severe that the leg is affected for several days afterward. A very simple preventive of this unpleasantness is to raise that part of the bed where the feet lie, so they will rest a little higher than the head. That is all. Try it, you who are subject to nightly cramps.

Floral Bedrooms.

Floral bedrooms have been an English craze and have recently been adopted in this country. The Decorator and Furnisher gives the following suggestions in regard to them:

The best decorative houses and wall paper stores keep paper and cretonne en suite, and toilet ware can also be had to match.

A yellow poppy paper on a satin ground, with a cretonne dado to harmonize, makes a pretty arrangement. The cretonne dado should be run around the room in order to make a break in the wall. All the paint should be cream. The curtains and bed-spread should be of cretonne. The ceiling paper should be yellow and white. All the furniture should be covered with the cretonne and a pale blue "lily" carpet makes an appropriate finish to the decoration.

Another bedroom might have a wild rose paper, with the wild rose cretonne, and a dull green "lily" carpet. There are beautiful rose papers with cretonne to match in yellows, pinks and reds. A yellow and white ceiling paper goes with either of the above schemes.

Other schemes are blue and white poppies, sweet peas and forgetmenots, in all of which cases cretonnes, paper, carpet and china-ware may be obtained. To make the rooms complete, small embroidered flowers in washing silks should be in the corner of all sheets, pillowcases, towels and toilet covers.

Fancies.

FLOWER bowls in cut glass are no longer round, but are shown as well in octagon and oval shapes.

THE latest way for ladies to kill time is to play at work. Spinning is coming into fashion as a drawing-room pastime.

THE new fashion of china knife handles to match the dinner-service is an attractive one, to which the great liability to breakage seems the only objection. The ordinary plain ivory handle has by no means an ornamental appearance, especially when advancing age has given a tinge of jaundice to its complexion, but a substitute equally strong and durable must be found before any fresh fashion can be generally adopted. I should think that some kind of hard enamel might be made to closely resemble china, and in designs to match it, but an arrangement between porcelain and hardware manufacturers would be necessary in order that customers might know where to procure corresponding patterns.

THE use of the candle increases in the parlor as well as the dining-room.

If your address is not too long it is very good form to have the number spelled out across the top of your stationery, instead of using figures.

THE latest thing in table linen decoration is the butter-plate doily. It is made of white grass linen embroidered and cut in the shape of a flower, usually a rose or a pansy, wrought in the natural tint.

PRETTY little pins, resembling a diminutive miniature of "Grandma's old shawl-pin," with its large headed pins, connected by an equally large chain, divide the favor with the little gold or silver pins, with round or odd-shaped heads.

A NOVEL use has been evolved for the very commonplace and inexpensive blue jeans. In a handsome apartment the floor is covered with bluejeans, over which a heavy Smyrna rug of yellow browns, with a dash of Persian red, is laid. The furniture is blue and gold and the hangings are blue and gold, and the natural blue of the jeans afford an artistic background.

Our American Letter.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, May 13th, 1892.

"It is the last week of the 'Food Show,' so we had better go to-day, as the samples will give out before Saturday," said my friend.

No samples! The prospect was appalling. We quickly donned our bonnets, and hung our largest black silk bags on our arms, and hurried to the Lenox Lyceum, corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth street to secure our share of the novel, and delicious foods distributed.

It was a charming day and we found the Lyceum, as usual, extremely crowded with many women and a scattering of men. Judging by the way they flocked about the booths to taste the vari-

ous delicacies they must all have been in a semi-starved condition.

The building is circular in form with a broad gallery extending nearly all around it. The main hall is not very large but the exhibit occupied the lower floor and rooms on the side and on the second story. The cooking class on the third floor was so crowded, by the time we reached there, that we gave up any idea we had of improving ourselves, in that necessary art.

The main hall was decorated, and the effect of the various booths, as seen from the gallery was picturesque, though the variety, which makes the charm of a fair, was notably lacking. A band of music helped to entertain us.

At the booths, we found griddle cakes, biscuits, and a variety of beef extracts. There were jellies, of colors and forms innumerable, though to me the flavor was much the same—glue. The cottolene company gave us a cruller fried in their oil and a baked cake, in which the oil had been used instead of butter. The cruller divided in small segments disappeared before it reached me; the cake was so strong of lemon extract it was difficult to say whether it tasted of the cottolene or not.

"Get in line! Get in line!" called a man, and mechanically we obeyed. About twenty women were ahead of us and the line following soon reached back indefinitely. "Something nice now," we thought, and after about five minutes waiting accompanied by considerable crowding and discomfort we reached the booth, and were rewarded by a very small cake of Babbit's washing soap. There were chocolate booths, where pretty girls in fancy costumes served chocolate; tea counters, not a few; coffee made in many variations of the French coffee pot, and if one survived all these they could drink innumerable small, extremely small glasses of wine or beer.

It was very evident that the majority of the New York women favor temperance, for while an occasional man or woman accepted the invitation to imbibe homeopathically, I counted forty women struggling for the little saucers of oatmeal and milk served from a grain booth.

"My dear friend, take me away from here before I catch the tasting fever. I heard that women tell some one she had partaken of the hospitality of twenty-five booths," I whispered.

"Count up your own misdeeds before you laugh at her," was the sympathetic response. "Five kinds of jelly, a pickle on a tooth-pick, cottolene cake, griddle cake, baking powder cake, biscuit, oatmeal, wheaten grits, coffee, tea, and two kinds of chocolate—"

"I never did. It is impossible," and I gathered up a very large paper bag with a microscopic roll, a ditto bag with a biscuit, a piece of soap and six picture cards, and went home leaving my friend standing patiently on a line waiting for a glass of Kumyss.

The following afternoon we had recovered sufficiently to go to the Metropolitan Opera House and hear Patti sing "Martha."

The building of light stone is plain but substantial looking on the outside. The interior at first is apt to impress a stranger as lacking in decoration, but one never wearies of its quiet elegance. An idea of its immense seating capacity can only be obtained from the top gallery, which by the way is generally well patronized, though a seat, and often it only proves standing room, costs a dollar and a half or two dollars up there.

Just here let me say a word as to the audience at the opera. The boxes, and orchestra, occupied almost wholly by people of wealth were but scantily filled while every cheaper seat was occupied, and people were crowded in every available standing place. From these people came the enthusiasm and applause.

New York's "four hundred" want novelty—they have heard Patti scores of times. The day I heard "Faust" with Jean and Edouard de Reszke in the casts, every box was occupied and not one seat on the main floor vacant; and the ladies in the boxes stopped talking—at times and applauded enthusiastically.

Patti evidently saw the vacant places and was not pleased for she refused the usual encore to "Home Sweet Home," though the audience were very persistent. The death of her hairless dog, the previous day was the reason advanced by the newspapers, but whatever her reasons she was not in an accommodating mood.

Patti's singing was as fine to my uncultured ear as when I heard her sing Martha on the evening of her "farewell" at the "Academy of Music."

How many farewells she has sung. What wild enthusiasm, and what a wealth of flowers have been wrung from audiences fired with the idea that they were listening to that divine voice for the last time. Yet to-day I read she informed a reporter she had no idea of retiring from the stage.

Adelina Patti has not the magnetism and personal charm of some of the other great singers. Who can imagine her as Marguerite or La Gioconda? In light frivolous parts she pleases and appears well as a coquettish maiden in spite of her forty-nine years.

To fully enjoy her great songs such as The Last Rose of Summer, and pre-eminently, Home Sweet Home, I prefer to close my eyes, and be carried away on the wings of fancy. If I look at her she will hold me down to the earth, I notice her dress, her gestures, I cannot look upon her with enthusiasm and devotion as one set apart—a goddess of song.

MARJORIE F. LATIMER.

George.—"What's that. You don't call regularly on Miss Sweetie any more? Has she rejected you?"

Jack.—(sadly) "Didn't propose. No use."

George.—"Sure?"

Jack.—"Sure as shooting. One night I pretended to admire one of her rings, and hitched up a trifle closer to examine it more closely, you know."

George.—(reflectively) "Yes, I know."

Jack.—"Well, she took it off and handed it to me."

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY. Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.

BERTHA P.—I cannot give you the ingredients of the face bleach; for directions and lotion write to Miss Moote, 3 King street East, Toronto.

COUNTRY SQUIRREL.—1. Just "Correspondence Column," and the address of the paper. 2. If it is of unusual merit. 3. It was not sent by one of the cousins. 4. I will hand enclosures to the Literary Editor if you wish.

NATHALIE.—1. I have never looked upon Faust as an immoral play, but certainly the tale of a young girl's fall is painful and as you say mortifying. However, it carries its own antidote, in her repentance and sorrow, and subsequent forgiveness. 2. I cannot recommend you to read the books, as I do not know your strength or weakness. 3. I do not know of any safe remedy for the annoyance you mention, for advice write address given to Bertha P.

GRACIA.—For a cycling dress get rather fine blue serge, have it made with basque and blazer, then you can wear light blouses in the hot weather. Any easy, low-heeled shoe will do to ride in. You should not ride more than half an hour for the first few times, then gradually increase your time and pace.

BONIFACE.—As to the relative merits of boarding and keeping house, they depend entirely on circumstances, on the one side you have responsibility, worry and care, on the other dependence, discomfort, and lack of privacy. I think I should try keeping house, if I were you, as the young lady is active and content with small beginnings. There is something very pleasant in having your own little home. 2. About sixteen dollars a month, but if you go further out, as low as twelve. 3. I would simply send a note reporting your advent, and telling the minister you would be glad to have him call. When he does come, be cheery and friendly, but respectful.

LA MODE.—No, do not wear open-work stockings on the street, nor yet low shoes without gaiters. When the heat makes gaiters unbearable, you can wear low shoes, tan with tan stockings and gloves, or grey with hose and gloves to match are pretty with white gowns. It is no trouble to answer your question. Write any time you are in need of information. An Afghan is a woollen sort of large tidy, which is thrown over a sofa or a baby crib or a carriage. It costs considerable money, time and work to make a really handsome one, but it is a good thing to screen a half-worn sofa or lounge.

AMOTE.—There is not, so far as I am aware, a ladies' fencing club in Toronto. I quite agree with you as to the good effect fencing and other training exercises have on a lymphatic and lazy girl.

FEMME HABILE.—1. I don't remember just now where I saw it, I think it was in the London Illustrated News. 2. Bird's Custard flour makes very nice custard. It comes in packages like cornstarch, and needs only milk and a little sugar, of course flavoring to taste. 3. It is very much nicer to have a double boiler, then you cannot possibly burn the milk. 4. A plain salad dressing can be made from vinegar, salt, sugar, mustard, a hard-boiled egg rubbed smooth in half a cup of cream, and a good pinch of celery salt and pepper.

Prof. Wickle's Prize

Graphological Examination.

Special Notice.

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed.

Delineations.

476 This very beautiful writing shows deductive judgment, ideality, constancy, capacity of passionate attachment, truthfulness and candor, clearness of ideas, artistic taste, vivacity, a well ordered mind, sufficient will-power to give steadfastness and strength of character, but no persistency; and much grace and refinement of mind. The writer is most unselfish and generous.

477 Impulse, impressionability, quick observation, imagination of a certain kind, love of luxury, power of affection, self-assertion, an obstinate will, impatient temper, and want of cultivation of taste are the main characteristics of this study.

478 This writing shows quick perception, candor, constancy, an affectionate but not tender nature, caution, coquetry, and a decided will, which only occasionally becomes obstinate. The temper is capacious, there is a certain amount of imagination, not much sense of beauty or general culture, and a sufficient amount of pride.

479 This study suggests an altogether more impulsive and vivacious character. The subject is of more cheerful temperament, and has a very good opinion of herself. There is also extreme good temper, a tender as well as warmly affectionate nature, tact, good deductive judgment, frankness and sincerity, artistic perception, susceptibility to influence, and some egotism.

480 This example indicates ideality, sequence of ideas, artistic imagination, not altogether without love of effect, truthfulness, simplicity, poetic feeling, power of passionate attachment, and egotism. The absence of vivid imagination and the possession of good sense saves the subject from jealousy. There is attention to details and the ideas are persistent.

481 This study shows despotic and obstinate will, extreme egotism, with love of material enjoyment. There is also deductive judgment, vivacity, sarcasm, and hard-headedness; the tastes are intellectual rather than artistic.

"Uneasy Lies the Head," Etc.

Edith.—"And so that is the leader of society? Why, I thought he owned that establishment, I have noticed him coming out so often."

Bertie.—"Of course. He goes in daily to have his hat stretched."

The Saratoga Miracle

FURTHER INVESTIGATED
BY AN EXPRESS
REPORTER.

The Facts Already Stated Fully
Confirmed -- Interviews With
Leading Physicians Who
Treated Quant -- The
Most Marvellous
Case in the His-
tory of Med-
ical Sci-
ence.

A few weeks ago an article appeared in this paper copied from the Albany, N. Y. Journal, giving the particulars of one of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century. The article was under the heading "A Saratoga Co. Miracle," and excited such widespread comment that another Albany paper—the Express—detailed a reporter to make a thorough investigation of the statements appearing in the Journal's article. The facts as elicited by the Express reporter are given in the following article, which appeared in that paper on April 16th, and makes one of the most interesting stories ever related:—

A few weeks ago there was published in the Albany Evening Journal the story of a most remarkable—indeed so remarkable as to well justify the term "miraculous"—cure of a most severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis; simply by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, and, in compliance with instructions, an Express reporter has been devoting some time in a critical investigation of the real facts of the case.

The story of the wonderful cure of Charles A. Quant of Galway, Saratoga county N. Y., as first told in "The Journal," has been copied into hundreds if not thousands of other daily and weekly newspapers and has created such a sensation throughout the entire country that it was deemed a duty due all the people and especially the thousands of similarly afflicted, that the statements of the case as made in "The Albany Journal" and copied into so many other newspapers should, if true, be verified; or, if false, exposed as an imposition upon public credulity.

The result of the Express reporter's investigations authorizes him in saying that the story of Charles A. Quant's cure of locomotor ataxia by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, a popular remedy prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ontario, IS TRUE, and that all its statements are not only justified but verified by the fuller development of the further facts of the case.

Perhaps the readers of the Express are not all of them fully familiar with the details of this miraculous restoration to health of a man who after weeks and months of treatment by the most skillful doctors in two of the best hospitals in the state of New York—the Roosevelt hospital in New York city and St. Peter's hospital in Albany—was dismissed from each as incurable and, because he was deemed incurable, the man was denied admission into several others to which application was made in his behalf. The story as told by Mr. Quant himself and published in the Albany Journal, is as follows:—

"My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway and except while travelling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For twelve years I was travelling salesman for a piano and organ company, and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach, and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the Journal reporter an electric suit of underwear, for which he paid \$124.) In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Co. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so

intense at times that it seemed as though I couldn't stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so effected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse. I had become entirely paralysed from my waist down and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible, my legs felt as though they were freezing and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put 17 big burns on my back one day with red hot irons and after a few days they put 14 more burns on and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water and upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September while in this suffering and helpless condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In this case Mr. Marshall who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had, after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians, been pronounced incurable, and paid the \$1000 total disability claim allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking some 15 boxes was fully restored to health. I thought I would try them, and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills, and I took them according to the directions on the wrapper on each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and the treatment and even before I had used up the two boxes of the pills I began to feel beneficial results from them. My pains were not so bad, I felt warmer; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills, at the cost of only \$4—see!—I can with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained ten pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable."

Such is the wonderful story which the Express reporter has succeeded in securing verification of in all its details, from the hospital records where Mr. Quant was treated and from the doctors who had the case in hand and who pronounced him incurable. Let it be remembered that all this hospital treatment was two and three years ago, while his cure, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, has been effected since last September, 1891. So it is beyond a doubt evident that his recovery is wholly due to the use of these famous pills which have been found to have made such remarkable cures in this and other cases.

Mr. Quant has placed in the hands of the reporter his card of admission to Roosevelt hospital, which is here reproduced in further confirmation of his statements:—

SERIES B
ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL.
OUT-PATIENT.
No. 14037. Admitted Sept. 16, 89
Chas. Quant.
Age 34 Birthplace N.Y.
Civil Condition Single
Occupation Traveller
Residence 17 Park St. Hoboken.
Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
(OVER.)

To verify Mr. Quant's statement our reporter a few days ago, (March 31st, 1892,) called on Dr. Allen Starr at his office, No. 22 West Twenty-eighth St., New York city. Dr. Starr is house physician at the Roosevelt hospital, situated corner of Ninth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. In reply to inquiry he said he remembered the case of Mr. Quant very well and treated him some but that he was chiefly treated and under the more especial care of Dr. Ware. He said he regarded the case as he did all cases of locomotor ataxia as incurable. In order that our reporter might get a copy of the history of the case of Mr. Quant from the hospital record he very courteously gave

him a letter of which the following is a copy:—

Dr. M. A. Starr, 22 West Forty-eighth street, office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., New York, March 31st, 1892.—Dear Dr. Vought: If you have any record of a locomotor ataxia patient named Quant who says he came to the clinic 3 or 4 years ago No. 14,037, of the O. D. Dept., Roosevelt, sent to me from Ware, will you let the bearer know. If you have no record send him to Roosevelt Hospital. Yours,
STARR.

By means of this letter access to the records was permitted and a transcript of the history of Mr. Quant's case made from them as follows:—
"No. 14,037. Admitted September 16th, 1889, Charles A. Quant, aged 34 years. Born U. S. Married. Hoboken.

"History of the case:—Dyspepsia for past four or five years. About 14 months partial loss of power and numbness in lower extremities. Girdling sensation about abdomen. (November 29th, 1889, not improved, external strabismus of left eye and dilatation of the left eye.) Some difficulty in passing water at times; no headache but some dizziness; alternating diarrhoea and constipation; partial ptosis past two weeks in left eye.
"Ord. R. G. Bi pep. and Soda."

These are the marked symptoms of a severe case of locomotor ataxia. "And Dr. Starr said a case with such marked symptoms could not be cured and Quant who was receiving treatment in the out-patient department, was given up as incurable."

"There never was a case recovered in the world," said Dr. Starr. And then said: "Dr. Ware can tell you more about the case as Quant was under his more personal treatment. I am surprised," he said, "that the man is alive, as I thought he must be dead long ago."

Our reporter found Dr. Edward Ware at his office, No. 162 West Ninety-third street, New York. He said: "I have very distinct recollections of the Quant case. It was a very pronounced case. I treated him about eight months. This was in the early summer of 1890. I deemed him incurable and thought him dead before now. Imagine my surprise when I received a letter from him about two weeks ago telling me that he was alive, was getting well and expected soon to be fully recovered."

"What do you think, doctor, was the cause of his recovery?"

"That is more than I know. Quant says he has been taking some sort of pills and that they have cured him. At all events, I am glad the poor fellow is getting well, for his was a bad case and he was a great sufferer."

Dr. Theodore R. Tuttle, of 319 West Eighteenth street, to whom our reporter is indebted for assisting courtesies, said of locomotor ataxia, "I have had several cases of this disease in the course of my practice. I will not say that it is incurable but I never knew of a case to get well; but I will say it is not deemed curable by any remedies known to the medical profession."

After this successful and confirmatory investigation in New York our reporter, Saturday, April 2nd, 1892, visited St. Peter's Hospital, in Albany, corner of Albany and Ferry streets. He had a courteous reception by Sister Mary Philomena, the sister superior of St. Peter's hospital, and when told the object of his visit said she remembered the case of poor Mr. Quant very distinctly. Said she: "It was a very distressing case and excited my sympathies much. Poor fellow he couldn't be cured and had to go home in a terrible state of helplessness and suffering." The house physician, on consulting the records of St. Peter's hospital said he found only that Charles A. Quant entered the hospital March 14th, 1890, was treated by Dr. Henry Hun, assisted by Dr. Van Derveer, who was then, 1890, at the head of the hospital, and that his case being deemed not possible of cure he left the hospital and was taken home, as he supposed, to die.

Such is the full history of this most remarkable case of successful recovery from a heretofore supposed incurable disease, and after all the doctors had given him up, by the simple use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Truly it is an interesting story of a most miraculous cure of a dreadful disease by the simple use of this popular remedy.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood but are a scientific preparation success-fully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work, or excesses of whatever nature.

On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Morristown, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

What They Say.

St John, N. B.

"I congratulate you upon the success of your Weekly and hope your effort may be more and more successful and encouraging."
REV. S. BRUCE.

"I think your work is good and by the aid of the preacher it may be increased a hundredfold."
REV. W. H. WARRINER.
Montreal, Que.

"I am very pleased to receive your very interesting paper."

HELEN TAYLOR, Ed. Our Home.

She Was All Right.

Clerk (politely)—Anyone waiting on you, miss?
Miss Bumper (from Wryneck Junction)—Well, I should say so. I'm going to be married next week.

MRS. MORTON (angrily)—Tommy Horton, what made you hit my little Jimmy? Tommy Horton—He struck me with a brick. Mrs. Morton (more angrily)—Well, never let me hear of your hitting him again. If he hits you, you come and tell me. Tommy (sneeringly)—Yes; and what would you do? Mrs. Morton—Why, I'd whip him! Tommy (in disgust) What! he hits me with a brick and you have the fun of lickin' him fer it? Not much!

MRS. WRIGLEY,

Teacher of Piano.

TERMS—MODERATE.

77 JOHN STREET.

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AND

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SPECIAL OFFER! To any lady answering and naming the paper in which she saw it, we will send, free, in addition to all the above, one packet of the new and popular imported Love-In-a-Mist, a hardy, ever-growing annual, with bright green fan-shaped leaves, finely cut, and bearing a very pretty and curious blue flower. Plants grow about 19 inches high, are of the earliest culture, and very profuse bloomers. We will also send one copy of our Manual of Floriculture, a book of great interest and value to all who cultivate flowers.

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Startling a Stranger.

Down below Natchez while the boat was running in close to the left bank and had stopped her wheels to avoid a big tree floating in an eddy, we saw a native sitting on a stump, fishing. He sat bent over, hat over his eyes, and there was scarcely a movement to tell he was alive. We had a smart Aleck with us on board and he had no sooner caught sight of the native than he called to one of the deck hands to toss him up a potato. A peck or more of the tubers were lying loose near a pile of sacks and one was quickly tossed up.

"Now see me startle him," said smart Aleck, as he swung his arm for a throw.

The distance was only about a hundred feet and his aim was so true that the potato landed on the native's head with a dull thud. His motions were so quick that we couldn't agree as how he did it; but in about two seconds he had dropped his fish-pole, pulled out a revolver as long as his arm and fired at smart Aleck. The bullet bored a hole in his silk hat just above his hair and the young man sank down in a heap and fainted dead away. We restored him to his senses after a while when he carefully felt the top of his head, looked back at the fisherman, and absently asked:

"Did she explode both boilers or only one?"

What Killed Him.

A typographical error is thus accounted for by a contemporary:

Compositor—That new reporter spells 'victuals' 'v-i-t-a-l-s'.

Foreman—Yes he's not much good. Rectify the error and put the item in here. We must get to press in just three minutes.

The item was put in place and this is the way the public read it:

"The verdict of the coronor's jury was that the deceased came to his death by a gunshot in his victuals."

The common belief that a rich man cannot enter the kingdom of heaven does not bother the rich man any.

Assistant Editor.—I have some paragraphs on "Socks" here. Where shall I put them?

Chief.—Among the foot notes.

Everything in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap, and the fields smile. Even the buds shoot and the rivers run.

"Fill your mind with useful information my young friend," said the prosy old man. "Remember, the empty bag cannot stand upright."

"What's the matter with a balloon?" asked the irreverent youth.

Editors as a rule, are kind-hearted and liberal. An exchange tells of a subscriber who died and left fourteen years' subscription unpaid. The editor appeared at the grave as the lid was screwed on for the last time and put in a linen duster, a thermometer, a palm-leaf fan and a recipe for making ice.

"These firemen must be a frivolous set," said Mrs. Spilkins, who was reading a paper.

"Why so?"

"I read in the paper that after a fire was under control, the firemen played all night on the ruins. Why didn't they go home and to bed like sensible men instead of romping about like children?"

"When I was once in danger from a tiger," said an old East Indian veteran, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I had no weapon."

"How did it work?" asked a bystander.

"Perfectly; the tiger didn't offer to touch me."

"Strange! very strange! How did you account for it?"

"Well, sometimes I've thought that it was because I sat on a high branch of a very tall tree."

A hunter went out to hunt. At the same time a bear went out to eat. The hunter saw the bear. Quoth the hunter:

"Ah, there's my fur overcoat."

He fired.

The bear jumped behind a tree and was not hurt. Quoth the bear:

"Ah, there's my meal."

Whereupon the bear ate the hunter.

Ergo, by mutual arrangement, the hunter got his fur overcoat and the bear his meal.

"Music," said the eminent pianist, as the reporter to whom he had kindly accorded an interview ran his pencil rapidly over the paper, "is the most elevating of sciences. It moves the depths of one's nature, refines the sensibilities, and enlarges the heart. It—what were you about to ask?"

"I should like to know, sir, how you regard the distinguished virtuoso, Professor von Bergstein, as a musician?"

"He is nothing, sir, but a cheap, vile imitator, a base counterfeit, a tenth-rate keyboard banger, sir!" exclaimed the eminent musician, scowling fiercely.

A weary congressman, who could "snore upon the flint," occupied a room adjoining a German musician's. "You will have to give me another room, I guess," said the congressman to the hotel clerk. "What's the matter? Aren't you comfortable where you are?" "Well, not exactly. That German musician in the next room and I don't get along very well. Last night he tooted away on his clarinet so that I thought I never would go to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding on my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Of you please,' said the German, 'dot you would shnore of der sambkey. You vas go from B flat to G und it shpoils der moosic.'"



Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

Tailor Made Costumes at Stovel & Co's.

On page 313 will be found some sketches made by our artist at the above well-known firm of Ladies' Tailors. The left hand figure shows a novel little covert coat with loose fitting fronts, fastening by means of a fly. It sets off the figure to great advantage. The gown on the right was one made for Miss Isadore Rush when she was last in Toronto. The gown and jacket were in fawn box cloth, while the waistcoat was in scarlet with beading and braiding forming an exact copy of the Royal Engineers' mess waistcoat. The centre coat is called the "Grenadier Guards" and represents the back view, both back and front being braided in copy of the braiding on the Guards' undress uniform. It is made in black cloth and braiding to match.

BLOOMER.—What's that in your hand?
CODLING.—That's me walking stick.

BUNTING.—A thought just crossed my mind.

LARKIN.—And as usual you couldn't stop it, of course.

HUSBAND.—Let us go to the Lecture to night.

WIFE.—I have nothing to wear.

HUSBAND.—Then let us go to the opera.

SHE.—My darling, I have a terrible piece of news for you. Papa has lost everything.

HE (rising to go).—Oh no, he hasn't. He still has you.

Old Party.—Hello, Jimmy! I ain't seen ye sence last fall. Pedad, if I had ten cents I'd treat you. (Insinuatingly) Maybe, now, ye've ten cents yerself.

There lived in the age called pliocene,

When the air was warm and the earth was green,

A pessimist fellow, who wrote sad rhymes

About "these degenerate modern times."



Sunlight * Soap

—DOES AWAY WITH—

THE * TERRORS * OF * WASHDAY.

It brings Ease and Comfort and does away with hard rubbing, tired backs, sore hands, hot steam and smell.

Very little of SUNLIGHT will do a great deal of work, hence it is not only the best but the cheapest soap to buy. TRY IT. 20-1f

LADIES! It is stated that nine-tenths of the human race are subject to that dread disease PILES sooner or later in life. Thousands of women go to early graves because they are too modest to speak out. If you are troubled with Piles write us for full particulars. We will cure you. EUREKA PILE CURE never fails. Correspondence strictly confidential. W. A. NESBITT, 101 Bay Street, Toronto.

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THOSE DEAR WOMEN.

(Denslow has invited a party of friends to a home-poker symposium and Mrs Denslow brings in the luncheon just as Denslow gets his first hand in two hours)—Why Tommy, isn't it rather unusual to have every card in your hand clubs?

A CURE FOR ENNUI.

Young Lady (endeavoring to entertain her gentlemen friends)—Do you like to play cards, Mr Pokerdeck?

Mr. Pokerdeck (graciously)—Yes, indeed; especially when in young ladies' society. It helps to pass away the time, you know.

WHY HE BOUGHT THE PIANO.

Little Boy—Can your sister play?
Little Girl.—No, she makes awful noises when she tries.

Little Boy.—Then w'ot did your papa get her a piano for?

Little Girl.—I dunno. I guess it was 'cause he wanted zee box for a coal-bin.

Miss S.—Some one told me the other day that you had received seved proposa's this winter.

Miss P.—(complacently) Yes, I have.

Miss S.—Who is the man?

WANTED, lady agents to canvass for "HOUSE and HOME," a complete house-wife's guide, by Marion Harland, the greatest living writer on household matters. William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.

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Phrenology, MRS. MENDON.

10-y 237 McCaul Street, Toronto.

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NEW MUSIC.—THE ELITE SONG FOLIO, containing the finest songs of the day; every piece a gem. Full lithographed work, handsomely bound in paper cover, 75 cents; in half cloth, 90 cents; in boards, \$1.25; in full cloth, \$1.50; by post 10 cents extra. Everything in the music and musical instrument line. Send for catalogue.

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Gentleman's Ireland's Shaving Bar. One of the leading soaps of England. It removes all blemishes, wrinkles and freckles, softens the skin and produces a clear and healthy complexion. Sold by all druggists. 372 Church Street, Toronto.

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New Tailor System

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We will cure cases of

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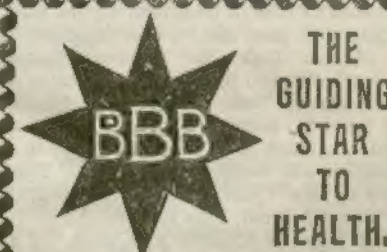
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We send the proper medicinal agents directly to the seat of the disease, destroying in a short time all ulceration and inflammation. Under its influence the irritated surface is soothed and healed, and the discharge rapidly diminishes. This seems too good to be true, but true it is, as hundreds in all parts of Canada can testify. What more rational method can there be of reaching and healing the diseased air-passages than by the use of the proper medicinal and chemical substances inhaled into the cavities. Those who prefer to write to some of the patients who have been cured can correspond with the following: Rev. J. S. Norris (late of Toronto), now pastor of First Congregational Church, Parkersburg, Iowa; Mr. Douglass, conductor, 11 Ontario street, Toronto; Mr. T. Mills, 29 Christopher street, Toronto; Mr. W. Fever, surveyor, 300 Seaton street, Toronto; Mr. J. A. McNair, Schau, Ont. Enclose a three cent stamp for reply. In the past two years we have treated over 300 cases of Catarrh free of all charge. It has paid us well. Neighbor tells neighbor, and friend tells friend of our success. If you have Catarrh do not fail to call or write. Address:

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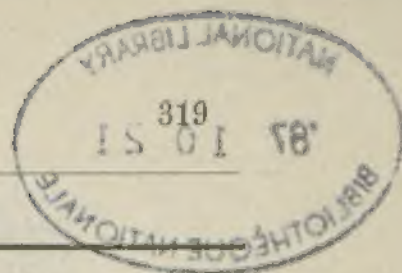
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Upright Solid Walnut Pianos—7 1-3 Octave—our regular selling price for which is \$350, with stool and cover, but we will make a special reduction to anyone mentioning this paper.

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